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Samuel Lenox

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THE

WORKS

OF

GRACE KENNEDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DECISION."

In Six Volumes.

VOL. II.

FATHER CLEMENT.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM OLIPHANT,

22, SOUTH BRIDGE STREET:

AND SOLD BY M. OGLE, AND W. COLLINS, GLASGOW; J. FINLAY, NEWCASTLE; J. HATCHARD & SON, HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO. J. NISBET, J. DUNCAN, AND B. J. HOLDSWORTH, LONDON; AND R. M. TIMS, AND W. CURRY, JUN. & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXVII.

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FATHER CLEMENT;

A ROMAN CATHOLIC STORY.

" La carità è paziente, è benefica; la carità non è astiosa, non è insolente, non si gonfia. Non è ambiziosa, non cerca il proprio interesse, non si muove a ira, non pensa male.—A tutto s'accomoda, tutto crede, tutto spera, tutto sopporta."

Martini's Trans. from the Vulgate.—1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5, 7.

FATHER CLEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Il commandamento mio è questo, che vi amiate l'un l'altro.—
Martini's Trans.—John xv. 12.

———Fruit and wine had been set on the table—the last old grey-haired domestic had left the room—the broad-backed spaniel no longer watched for food from the fair hands which now ministered to his privileged old age, but had waddled to seek repose on a spot where the sun shone bright on the carpet—and cheerful family chat, and careless merriment, went round—while Sir Herbert Montague, the father of the circle, sat almost in silence, leaning back in his chair, half listening and smiling—half absent to what was passing—or at times addressing an observation to the old chaplain, who sat next him, and with whom he seemed to be on the most intimate-

ly friendly footing. At last, one piece of intelligence he mentioned attracted the attention of the whole party.

"Young Clarenham is returned," said Sir Herbert, "and I rejoice he is so, for his poor mother's sake."

"Young Clarenham returned!" repeated the younger Montague, who sat next his father; "well, I wonder what sort of a fellow he is now. He used to be too grave and studious for me. He will probably still suit your taste best, Ernest," addressing his elder brother.

"I fear he will not suit any of us," replied Ernest, gravely. "Did you see him, Sir?" addressing his father.

"I did. I met him on his way to the Castle, just as I returned from my ride before dinner, and should have passed him as a stranger, had he not stopped his horse, and named me. I soon recollected him when he spoke and smiled. He is a pleasing-looking youth, though much altered."

"What a meeting for his mother!" observed Lady Montague, her eyes filling with tears. "An only son, whom she has not seen for five years!"

"Was he alone?" asked Adeline, Sir Herbert's eldest daughter.

"No; he was accompanied by a young man of foreign appearance, whom he, however, introduced to me by an English name, Mr. Dormer."

"Young!" repeated Adeline. "It could not then be Father Clement."

"Father Clement: And who may he be, Adeline?" asked Sir Herbert, looking inquisitively at his daughter.

She blushed:—"Maria Clarenham informed me, Sir, that the Father who has superintended her brother's education ever since he went abroad, and who also travelled with him for the last year, accompanies him home, and is to remain as chaplain at the Castle. Poor old Father Dennis has been appointed, by his order, to another situation."

"Call no man on earth, in that sense, Father, Miss Adeline," said Dr. Lowther, the chaplain, gravely. "These are words of Scripture."

Adeline blushed again; and smiling affectionately to her old monitor, "Well, my dear Dr. Lowther, old Mr. Elliston is going away a few weeks hence. He only remains to perform, or offer up—or what shall I call it—some more masses for the soul of old Mr. Clarenham."

"How sad!" exclaimed Lady Montague. "And what a change for Mrs. Clarenham!—Her son's society to charm away her thoughts from those gloomy ceremonies! I met her this morning, returning from a visit of charity to poor Alice Dawson. She seemed very unfit for any fatigue—but, the less so, the more meritorious, according to her spiritual guides. I would not

have put myself in her way for the world, as she has not chosen to see me since Mr. Clarenham's death, and I attempted to avoid doing so by turning into a briery little path which led into the road; but she saw my intention, and immediately hastened towards me, looking,—Oh so thin and pale! I could not help bursting into tears when she approached: She was overcome also, and could only press my hand and hurry on. I just stood and wept where she left me, thinking how little consolation she could receive from that religion which aggravated instead of lessening sorrow, by teaching that, when we close the eyes of those we love most on this side the grave, it is only that they may leave suffering here to enter into greater."

"The idea is softened to the minds of really pious Roman Catholics," said Ernest, "by the belief that the effect of that suffering is altogether purifying, and guided by a Father's love: and also by the belief that it is possible for friends on this side the grave to mitigate and shorten it."

"Nay, Ernest, if your charity goes so far as to defend the doctrine of purgatory," said Rowley, his younger brother, laughing, "I shall soon expect to see you on the road back to Rome."

"I am not defending the doctrine, Rowley. I know it is contrary to Scripture, and was never

heard of in the Christian church till it had become full of corruptions: but I think we Protestants are too apt to consider the Romish faith as destitute of those resources on which a sensible and feeling mind can repose. We regard it as, on the part of the priest, a system of hypocrisy and fraud—and, on that of the people, of gloomy and absurd delusion. I only wish to be candid."

"I like no such candour," said Sir Herbert, in a voice of vexation.

Ernest seemed hurt. "My dear Sir, I have learned that candour from the advice you have so often and so kindly given us all, never to judge of any subject till we know something about it. After having, in some degree, got acquainted with the gross errors of the system, I have only attempted to discover what could be its attractions—"

"Attractions!" repeated Sir Herbert, fidgetting in his chair.

"My dear Sir," said Dr. Lowther, mildly, "all hearts are naturally formed alike. We never become truly devoted to any thing but through our affections. Your son has examined this subject as a philosopher."

"Well, well," interrupted Sir Herbert impatiently, "I am sure no one pities the poor souls more than I do. I wish not to say aught against them. That lad Clarenham, however, does not

look as if there was any thing very attractive in his religion, though I hear he is a perfect bigot already. He is a pale, melancholy-looking youth, with a smile that makes him look sadder instead of merrier: and his companion ten times worse—a tall, gaunt spectre, with the same sad smile."

Adeline and Rowley laughed. "What an engaging picture you have drawn, Sir!" said Rowley.

"I hope none of my family will find any *realities* engaging at the Castle," replied Sir Herbert sternly, and glancing both towards Ernest and Adeline.

"Miss Adeline," said Dr. Lowther, with an arch smile on his cheerful old countenance, "*You* will be able to tell me whether this new confessor is of the society of Jesuits?"

"He is," replied Adeline, looking timidly at her father, "and is eminent, Maria tells me, for his sanctity."

Dr. Lowther's countenance was, in his turn, immediately overcast, and he sighed deeply. Sir Herbert, on his part, seemed rather to enjoy the effect this intelligence had on his old friend. He said nothing, however, but rose from table, and smilingly addressed Lady Montague,—"The evening is fine, my dear: What would you think of leaving this Popish party with Dr. Lowther, and going out with me on the lawn?"

Lady Montague immediately consented; and, soon after, Dr. Lowther and the young party also separated.

At the period at which our story commences, though all religions were professedly tolerated in Britain, yet the principles on which that toleration was granted were not so well known, or so generally approved of, as they now are, particularly with regard to Roman Catholics. By every denomination of Protestants they were regarded with suspicion: and even the most truly religious and benevolent of their opponents regarded it as a sin, in many instances, to permit the observances of their church; which they considered so idolatrous as to call on the strong arm of power to suppress them as offensive to Heaven. At this time the Roman Catholics barely enjoyed what could be called toleration; for, though no longer subjected to punishment for refusing to join in forms which were forbidden by their church, and allowed, unmolested, to attend their own private chapels, yet, nevertheless, many severe laws continued in force against them, and placed them on an entirely different footing, in almost every respect, from their fellow-subjects. In this state of things they naturally associated, almost exclusively, with each other. The families of Clarenham and Montague were, however, relatives; and for this cause kept up a certain degree of intercourse.

Lady Montague and Mrs. Clarenham were first cousins—Mrs. Clarenham the daughter of a Roman Catholic gentleman, of old family—Lady Montague the daughter of his sister. When very young, that sister had married a Protestant —soon adopted his faith—and carefully educated her family in the same profession. Mrs. Clarenham had, by her father, been with equal care nurtured in the Romish faith. Lady Montague's father had, in his opinions regarding external forms, leant to puritanism; and, in his younger days, had, on several occasions, been both fined and imprisoned for non-conformity to the Church of England: and though, after the Revolution, he had joined that church, because he considered it somewhat less likely than formerly that its higher clergy would be permitted to meddle in the earthly government of the country, and might, therefore, be expected to devote themselves to the spiritual improvement of the people, still Lady Montague had been nurtured in the opinion that the church to which she belonged, though pure in its articles of faith, still required further reformation in its forms and ritual, and that, though its clergy might be preferable to an uneducated ministry, dependent on the caprice of their flocks, still they too much resembled, in their domination over their brethren, and their great earthly riches, that corrupt church from which they had in other matters

withdrawn: she, therefore, was easily reconciled to Sir Herbert Montague's slight difference of opinions. Sir Herbert was a Presbyterian. His family had been long settled in the north of England. He had constantly resided there—had been educated by a clergyman of the Church of Scotland—forced by the persecution of the times to leave his country and his flock, and was closely connected with many Presbyterian families in Scotland. Sir Herbert had, from these circumstances, long regarded Episcopacy as almost as antichristian as Popery. A great change had, however, taken place in his views a few years before our story begins. The Church of Scotland had then become settled and prosperous, but she did not extend her influence beyond the Tweed; and though there was a Presbyterian place of worship near Illerton Hall, yet the superintendence and instruction of the parish necessarily devolved on a clergyman of the Church of England. The clergyman who had filled that situation for the last few years, had convinced Sir Herbert that a minister of that church could really be zealous, steady, and laborious, in fulfilling the duties of his parish; and, gradually and imperceptibly, the Rector of Illerton became a friend and favourite at the Hall; and what was most surprising of all, particularly so with Dr. Lowther, the Presbyterian chaplain. One point of union between these two Protestant

clergymen, was their constant dread of the influence of Mr. Elliston, the Roman Catholic chaplain, at Hallern Castle, commonly known by the name of Father Dennis. This priest was equally indefatigable in making proselytes, and ingenious in evading the laws which were in force against the encroachments of his church: and the only means by which the two Protestant clergymen found they could meet his efforts, was by exerting equal zeal on their parts. In this contest the families at the Castle and the Hall took a deep interest; because each was devoted to religion, and believed the other in dangerous error. Lady Montague had been married only a few months before Mrs. Clarenham; and when the two cousins found themselves settled so near each other, while at a distance from their other relations, they met with feelings of sisterly kindness, and continued to feel the same affectionate and confiding regard during the many years they had remained in close neighbourhood. During those years they had passed through many similar joys and sorrows. They had both become the mothers of lovely and engaging children; and they had each mourned over several of their graves. They had sympathized deeply in each other's sorrows; but they had done so apart; for it was in times of sorrow only that they did not wish to meet. In such times religion was the refuge and consolation of both, and on

that subject alone they could in few points agree. They had each, in their younger and more sanguine days, attempted the conversion of the other, but each had failed; and the feelings of coldness and alienation, which had followed those unsuccessful attempts, had been so painful, that, for several years, disputed points had been tacitly avoided on both sides; and, excepting in hours of sorrow, the two cousins met as tried and affectionate friends. Sir Herbert and Mr. Clarenham had, however, felt less suited to each other, during those years of intercourse between their families, and never sought to meet, excepting when absolutely obliged to do so as neighbours and relations; and both gentlemen dreaded the effects of close intimacy amongst their children, though neither, on his lady's account, chose to prevent it. The young people, however, were early aware, that, by their respective fathers at least, their intercourse was suffered on the score of relationship, but not approved of. Mr. Clarenham had constantly said to his children,—"Bring the young Montagues as much as you will to the Castle, I shall be always glad to see them; but do not on any account—no, not for an instant—go to the Hall without my permission:" and that permission was always so unwillingly and so ungraciously given, that it was a penance to ask it. Sir Herbert, on his part, expressed, on all occasions, similar wishes:—"What, on earth, my

dears, can you find to attract you to that old Popish Castle? Cannot you bring your young cousins to the Hall, where you may be as merry and happy as you please, instead of going where that Jesuit priest will be watching every opportunity to infuse some of his Popish poison into your young minds. You must love and associate with your young relations, but do try to bring them to visit you." These difficulties, though they had not rendered the intercourse of the young people less agreeable or interesting, had made it less frequent; and during the absence of young Clarenham, it had, on the part of the young men, ceased almost entirely. The young Montagues had also been absent;—Ernest to obtain that finish to his education which it was then, as it is now, thought could only be acquired by travelling; and his younger brother at college, in the hope, on his father's part, that he might acquire a taste for study, instead of what seemed much more congenial to his nature,—an eager propensity to hunt or shoot, or do any thing that required the use of his body rather than his mind. Adeline, and little Maude, Mrs. Clarenham's namechild, had continued to visit at the Castle, and that more frequently since the death of Mr. Clarenham; Sir Herbert making little objection:—"As to be sure, it could not be expected that the Clarenham girls, poor things, would leave their mother."

CHAPTER II.

" Disse gli Gesù : Io sono via, verità, e vita; nessuno và al Padre, se non per me." *Martini's Trans.*—John xiv. 6.

" No doubt some of you will think it proper to pay a visit at the Castle, this forenoon," said Sir Herbert to his family, as they were separating to leave the breakfast room, on the morning after our story begins.

" I thought of doing so," said Ernest.

" Well, my boy, do go. I would myself accompany you, to welcome the poor lad back to his home and country, but am afraid his mother might think it right to see me; and somehow I would rather not meet with her yet. Say what you like from me to Clarenham, and invite him to come and see us."

" And Mr. Dormer, Sir, whom he introduced to you—shall I include him in the invitation?" asked Ernest, smiling.

"If he is a friend of Clarenham's, certainly; but if you discover him to be the new confessor, on no account whatever. You know old Elliston never crossed my hall door; why should a young successor be treated with more respect?"

"I thought, Sir, you had regretted having shown old Mr. Elliston such marked incivility?"

"Then you thought wrong," replied Sir Herbert, shortly; "I never regretted any such thing."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I had misunderstood you."

"You may have heard me say, Ernest, that, to do the man justice, he deserved no blame for having zealously acted up to his own principles. I have said so, because such thoughts do at times, as it were, flash upon my mind; and I am too apt to say what I think, without waiting to consider. I know not whether it is so or not, however; for the man has lived in the midst of light; and if he has continued zealous in promoting darkness, perhaps I am not justifiable in saying he deserves no blame; but that is not my affair. I do, however, for our own sakes, regret some uncharitable acts of zeal with which we have been chargeable against him; and, before the man goes away, I shall compel myself to ask his forgiveness. You could never hear me regret, however, Ernest, that I had not given a Jesuit priest access to my house."

Ernest said no more; and, an hour or two af-

ter, Adeline and Maude accompanied him across the lawn—then through a wooded walk which led to the top of the hill, where was the boundary which separated the grounds belonging to the Hall from the domains of Hallern Castle. From this hill, Ernest and his companions, for a time, viewed the beautiful scenery of the latter, as it lay before them.

"What makes one feel so sad," said little Maude at last, "when one looks at that old Castle? I am sure I have often been very merry within its walls; yet I could almost weep now, when I look at its grey towers rising from amongst those trees with their young gay foliage;—and that old window of the chapel does look so gloomy! Perhaps it is because papa said Basil Clarenham looked so sad; and poor Mrs. Clarenham looks so sad now—I think there is something sad about all the Clarenhams, excepting Maria perhaps—she is merry enough; but Catherine—Oh! how sad to think that in one year she is to leave her mamma, Maria, Basil,—all of us, to be shut up for ever in a nunnery! But I believe you have not seen Catherine since you returned home, Ernest; and she was abroad when you went away."

"I have not seen her for a long while," replied Ernest—"not since she was a child; and then she was about as sad as you, Maude, now are."

Maude laughed. "Ah! you will see a change then, Mr. Incredulous," turning playfully away from him, but only walking a few steps homewards, and, when joined by Adeline, slyly returning on tiptoe to follow her grave, thoughtful brother, in order to ornament his back with a long streamer of clinging wild flowers. Ernest caught a glimpse of her as she approached, and turned round just in time to receive her, and catching the garland, wound it round and round, and pressed it to her, and then making a run, vaulted over a fence into the Hallern grounds, and looked back to laugh at the little sentimentalist disentangling herself from the weeds.

It was not because Ernest felt differently from little Maude when she discovered that there was something sad about all the Clarenhams, but the looks and language in which the light-hearted child expressed the very feelings which he himself at that moment painfully experienced, which, for an instant, struck him forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous; and, as he again pursued his way to the grey old Castle of the Clarenhams, the same feelings resumed their influence.

It has been remarked that religious young men are generally melancholy. The truth of this, as a general remark, may certainly be disputed, but in Ernest's case it was just. He was grave and melancholy, and religion was the lead-

ing subject of his thoughts. He had from early childhood been taught to regard it as "the one thing needful;" and, according to the method of instruction followed in those days by the divines of the church to which he belonged, he had also been early led to the study of those deep and mysterious doctrines which are more particularly taught by the Calvinistic reformed churches; and which, as they lead directly to the contemplation of the character and ways of God himself, the source of all other being and action, are calculated to absorb all the powers of a reflecting young mind; or at least subordinate them all to this mighty and infinite subject. Still, however, that system of religion which, in its first principles, habituates the mind to regard all it contemplates as connected with that governing will of God, however powerful it may be, must necessarily lead to melancholy, while we observe and feel so much evil, and ignorance, and sorrow, within us and around us. Nothing is more certain than this,—That the more we study the divine character, as it is revealed to us in the Bible, the more impossible is it for us to believe that it is not altogether holy and altogether lovely: and the question,—"Why are evil, and grief, and sorrow, permitted to exist?" accompanied as it is by a feeling of apprehension respecting the perfection of that goodness, which, at the same time, we cannot endure to doubt,

may be, and is with many for a time, the source of the deepest melancholy. It had been so with Ernest: and now, though he could in general rest with peace in the belief that his difficulties, in reconciling the visible administration of Providence with the perfection of the divine character, arose from his incapacity to judge of the vast plans of an infinite mind,—still every object which excited melancholy feelings led his thoughts directly to the first cause and source of all things. As he approached Hallern Castle, every object excited those feelings. All around him wore the appearance of desolate neglect. The groves of fine old trees, scattered over the park, were become thickets, from the briers and underwood which had been suffered to grow in tangled masses amongst them. The turf was roughened everywhere with weeds, rushes, and mole-hills; and no living thing was to be seen, excepting at times a startled hare bounding from the thicket where it had been disturbed by Ernest's passing footstep, to seek shelter in one more distant; or a few deer timidly watching him from a distant part of the park. All this desolate state of things had been occasioned by the last Mr. Clarenham's adherence to what, in Ernest's opinion, was a bad government and a false religion: and how perplexing, in the search after truth, is the fact, that men suffer to the last in defence of error; and how unavoidable, how unanswerable, are the

questions,—"What is truth? What is error?" Often, before, had these questions presented themselves to Ernest's mind; and the only answer on which he could rest, became more and more satisfactory every time they recurred—"There is but one source of truth in the world—that is the Bible. The more deeply we drink at that source, the more does error and darkness on all subjects vanish before us. And thus far we may at least see without a cloud,—that the system which would debar the mind from free access to this only source of light, must be a system of which the end is not the promotion of the knowledge of truth."

So reasoned Ernest as he approached the Castle. The sun now shone bright upon its old towers and battlements: still, in his eyes, it looked dark and melancholy: and not the less so from the contrast produced by the bright heraldic colours of an escutcheon placed upon its front to mark the death of its late master. Ernest stopt to contemplate this emblazoned record of the antiquity and honours of the Clarenhams, whose fortunes were now so comparatively fallen; and even with him, valueless as his religion taught him such honours were, their contemplation, contrasted with the present state of things, added to the powerful interest he already felt. He had been observed, and a servant in deep mourning

appeared to await his approach. Ernest hastened up the few broad steps to the wide landing-place, where the man stood; and, on inquiring for Mr. Clarenham, was shown into an apartment, which appeared, from the books and ladies' works which lay on the table, to have been recently occupied by the family.

"My young master and the ladies are in the Chapel, Sir," said the servant; "but my Master will be with you immediately."

"Perhaps I have come at an unseasonable hour," said Ernest; "I do not wish Mr. Clarenham to be disturbed, if he is engaged in religious duties."

"Oh no, Sir; my master is only seeing some new pictures put up in the chapel;" and the man crossed himself, with a look towards Ernest, which seemed to say—"let me show the heretic gentleman how devout I am." He then left the room, and Ernest took up one of the books which lay on the table. It was a Roman Catholic book of devotion; and, on looking over a page or two, he found it so altogether unlike those familiar to Protestants, that he was perusing it with considerable interest when young Clarenham entered.

The cousins had not met for five years, and the consciousness, on both sides, of difference in opinion on the two subjects considered at that

time as the very tests of character, religion and politics, joined in both to natural reserve, threw a kind of restraint over their manners to each other, which, however, each made an evident effort to overcome: and, after a few rather formal attempts at conversation, Ernest said more easily,—

"I had got interested in this book the few minutes I was here before you came. Who is it written by?"

Clarenham looked anxiously at the book.—"Oh, it is one of Francis Xavier's," appearing relieved. "I believe those of our communion are not singular in admiring his writings."

"I am entirely unacquainted with them," replied Ernest, "as I indeed am with all your devotional writings. I have been supplied by Dr. Lowther with some of the controversial writings of the Romish Church," glancing towards Clarenham a look that expressed his own recollection of their boyish days, on naming Dr. Lowther; "but these are never attractive."

"Allow me to send that small volume for your perusal," said Clarenham, reddening. "If you find it interest you, either Father Clement, Mr. Dormer I mean, or I, can furnish you with all the writings of the author."

Ernest immediately accepted of the offer:—"And may I venture, when I have read it, to express my opinion of it?" asked he.

"Certainly. How can you ask such a question?" replied Clarenham, again reddening.

"I have been led to believe that the members of your communion carefully avoid free discussion on the subject of religion."

Clarenham was thoughtful for a few moments, then answered frankly—"I see, Montague, that the subject has not lost its interest to you—neither has it to me, I assure you. I trust, however, that I am now better prepared to meet you than I was before we parted as boys. Yet I may avow that subjects which must afterwards make a part of our confessions are naturally avoided by us. You know our spiritual fathers examine us very narrowly respecting our intercourse with——" he hesitated.

"Heretics," said Ernest, smiling.

Clarenham also smiled, then said—"I am quite willing to discuss any subject with you; only I think it but fair to warn you, that you will have another person to combat also; for I have no concealment from Father Clement; and in these matters I feel happy in having a director so able."

"May I ask you one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were Father Clement to lead you into an error,—say one so dangerous as to involve the safety of your soul, would his soul suffer in your soul's stead?"

"You suppose an impossibility. I am a member of the true church. Should a priest of that church wilfully mislead me, he has committed mortal sin; but mine has merely been a sin of ignorance, which cannot endanger the soul of a Catholic. It is one of the proofs that the Catholic Church is the only true one, that she boldly undertakes to answer for the safety of those souls who enter into her communion.—No Protestant Church ventures so far."

"Heaven forbid they should," replied Ernest with great seriousness. "Protestants are taught that *they* only are of the one true church who believe in and obey Jesus Christ; and are exhorted by their pastors to examine whether they are so, not by the creed of one or other communions of those who profess themselves Christians, but by the infallible word of God."

"But the interpretation of that word," said Clarenham, "must belong to the church. Private judgment must err in a matter so difficult."

"Why, then, is it said of the Jews of Berea, to whom one of the apostles himself preached, 'These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and *searched the scriptures daily*, whether those things were so; therefore many of them believed.'* Do not these words

* Acts xvii. 11.

point out the duty of the teacher, and of the hearer, and the result to be expected when both are fulfilled?"

"I do not recollect ever having seen that passage," replied Clarenham.

Ernest marked the place from whence he had taken the passage on a bit of paper, and presenting it to Clarenham: "May I request of you to ask Mr. Dormer's explanation of that passage?"

"Assuredly,—but now I must deliver my mother's message to you. She understands you are an admirer of good paintings, and desired me to say—that, if you would enter a Catholic chapel, it would give her pleasure to show you some which are now there."

"To see paintings I can have no objection to enter the chapel," replied Ernest. "Indeed, I shall perhaps ask your permission to be present on some other occasion. Would you admit me on Easter-day, I think you call it, if it is not past?"

"It is not. It falls very late this year," answered Clarenham, putting his arm kindly within Ernest's, as they together proceeded to the chapel, "and I invite you to be present whenever you choose. Before you go, I will make you acquainted with the entrance to a small private gallery, which is never occupied now, and from whence you may witness the service without yourself being observed. All my cousins are

equally welcome to do so. Indeed I wish to convince you that we have no secrets—nothing but what we consider the service of God in its purest form in our chapels."

A low covered way led from the castle to the chapel. This was coarsely paved, as was also the little court surrounding the chapel, and there was nothing to lead any one to expect, from its exterior, more than a common rude little place of worship. So the persecutions, some years previous to this period, had taught the Roman Catholics to avoid those temptations to pillage which might have followed a more open display of the rich ornaments with which they adorned their chapels. After passing over this rough court, however, and through a short low-roofed passage into the chapel, an inner door appeared, on opening which, every object assumed a totally different character. The apartment into which this door led seemed only to be an outer court to the more sacred place of worship. It was, however, exquisitely ornamented. It was lighted by a large Gothic window, the painted glass of which threw a glow, resembling that of the setting sun, upon the beautifully sculptured arches which formed the roof, and upon the many paintings on the walls. The apartment was paved with marble, and everywhere ornamented with sculpture and mouldings of the finest workmanship. Ernest paused an instant. In his boyish

days he had been strictly prohibited from entering this chapel—of late he had not visited at the castle, and never till now had been within the receptacle of all that was held most sacred by the Clarenhams. He now looked around and above him with evident feelings of admiration.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed he, pointing to the sculptured roof.

Clarenham appeared much gratified, "Surely," said he gently, "we do not err in bestowing whatever we can command that is most perfect in ornamenting the temple of God."

"Perhaps not," replied Ernest, "but those living stones which alone compose the true temple of God, must be sculptured by a divine power, to make that temple a fit abode for him. What are our most perfect sculptures or ornaments to him who looks only on the heart?"

"But," answered Clarenham, "we thus prove our devotion of heart to him."

"Does he who sees the inmost recesses of our hearts require that we should sculpture their feelings on stone to convince him of their sincerity? Ah no!—the proofs of love to him which he requires are of another nature. Is there not a secret, or, I believe, in your church, an avowed expectation, that men may thus add to their own merits in his sight?"

"And is not love to God the first and greatest of all merits?" asked Clarenham.

"It is the first principle of holiness in a regenerated soul," replied Ernest; "but, my dear Clarenham, what you have mentioned as a proof of love to God, is nowhere described or inculcated as such by Christ or his apostles, and may very easily be performed by those in whom there is not a feeling of any thing but a slavish dread, and an ignorant hope that such services may propitiate an offended God."

"You have adopted the doctrines of the mystics, I perceive," said Clarenham, smiling. "I have found them, too, attractive; but you know the church has condemned them. I must not be tempted to listen to you."

"I am not conscious of having adopted their doctrines," replied Ernest; "indeed I know very little about them, and am not aware of having adopted any doctrine not clearly declared in the Bible. What have I said to lead you to suppose me a mystic?"

"I do not know that you have exactly expressed any of their doctrines," replied Clarenham, advancing towards the door of the chapel; "but what you have said leads directly to their opinions." He seemed anxious to avoid saying more, and, approaching the delicately sculptured door of the chapel, and softly opening it, withdrew his arm from Ernest's, and slowly and reverently made the sign of the cross. Ernest looked at Clarenham as he did so, with feelings

of affectionate interest. The expression of his countenance, and of every gesture, was so full of humility and sincerity, that he could not, for a moment, doubt that they proceeded from true devotion of heart to the Being he worshipped, whatever errors might mingle with that worship. Ernest's attention, however, was soon diverted from his companion to the group within. Mrs. Clarenham immediately approached to meet him. She wore the deepest weeds, which made the almost unearthly paleness of her countenance the more striking. She was at first nearly overcome, but struggled to recover herself, and in a few moments succeeded; and, holding out her hand to Ernest—

"I am very glad to see you once more, cousin," said she kindly; then looking alternately at her son and at him,—"Basil is more changed than you are, Ernest. Italy has robbed him of his looks of health. I hope our English air, however, may restore them to him." Mrs. Clarenham then turned to her daughters:—"You and Maria have not, I believe, met lately. Catherine, do you remember your cousin?"

Maria frankly and affectionately received her old play-mate. Not so Catherine. On turning from Maria's cordial reception, to her, she drew back, and casting her eyes on the ground, curtsied coldly and distantly. Ernest reddened, and his looks were instantly as cold as her own. His

nature was not one to recover quickly from a repulse where he had felt only kindness, and his bow to Mr. Dormer, who was next introduced to him, was cold and stiff. Dormer, however, had nothing in his appearance to excite coldness, but the contrary. To Ernest's distant and formal bow, he returned one of polished and respectful courtesy, and then turned again to join old Mr. Elliston, who was busily arranging a painting so as to have the light thrown advantageously upon it. With Dormer's assistance he soon succeeded in placing it in the most favourable situation. Both priests then retired a few steps, and reverently knelt for a moment before the painting. Clarenham glanced towards Ernest, reddened, but followed the example of his spiritual guides, while Catherine made an extravagant display of reverential gestures. When Ernest looked towards Mrs. Clarenham, she was standing mildly contemplating the picture; and on Maria's lively countenance he thought he perceived an expression of ridicule mingling with her assumed looks of gravity.

Mrs. Clarenham turned to Ernest. "Is it not very fine?" asked she in a low tone of voice, as if the venerated subject of the painting had himself been present.

"I believe it is very well painted," replied Ernest: "but the subject is so little agreeable, that I cannot admire it much."

"It is a St. Francis!" said Mrs. Clarenham, with surprise;—"but you perhaps do not know his history. It was fastings, and mortification, and penance, which reduced him to that emaciated state."

Ernest smiled, and replied gently, "You know, my dear Mrs. Clarenham, we Protestants see no religion in such self-inflictions, consequently they excite no feelings of respect or sympathy in us."

"Do Protestants, who appeal to Scripture in support of all doctrines, see *there* no injunction to fast?" demanded Dormer, in rather an authoritative tone of voice, and looking at Ernest with an expression of mingled dignity and displeasure.

"They see there no *injunction* whatever about fasting," replied Ernest: "and the fasting which is commended in the New Testament *forbids* any such display of its effects as that"—pointing to the emaciated painting. "Our Lord himself says, 'When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which seeth in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.'"

Dormer listened with fixed attention, as Er-

nest gravely and emphatically repeated the words of Christ.

"You have described the purest and most holy mode of fasting," replied he, his countenance and manner assuming an expression of polished mildness. "And do not suppose, Mr. Montague, that I mean to question in how far those of your communion thus fast; but allow me to say, that our Catholic and Apostolic Church has shown her heavenly wisdom in the care she has taken that none of her children shall neglect the performance of this holy duty; and those who have, as that saint did, (pointing to the picture,) far exceeded the injunctions of his church, in fasts and other mortifications, have attained to that angelical degree of purity which makes them glorious models for us, and which has, according to the decision of the church, given them such favour with God, as to encourage us to trust in the efficacy of their intercessions for us."

"All—all absolutely contrary to Scripture," replied Ernest, with deep seriousness of voice and manner. "Those open, known, stated, prescribed fasts, meritorious in proportion to the degree in which they disfigure, and emaciate, and make useless the human frame, and the neglect of which subjects the person to punishment from his church, are in direct contradiction to that private act of devotion and humiliation, known only to God and the soul, which is commended

by the Lord and Head of the true church: and the belief that the intercession of the spirits of men can avail us any thing, besides the many absurdities it involves, is in absolute opposition to the plainest declarations of Scripture. St. Paul says,"—

"You understand Latin, Mr. Montague," interrupted old Elliston. "Be so good as quote from Scripture in that language."

Ernest looked at Clarenham, and smiled. He reddened—Dormer also reddened. "Father Dennis is right," said he, "we do not allow the correctness of your translation."

"I do not speak Latin in the presence of ladies," said Ernest, turning away from the priests; "but," addressing Clarenham, "you will find the passage I meant to quote in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy;* and it must surely be found most correctly given,—not in Latin, but in the original Greek."

Clarenham promised to examine the passage; and Ernest, perceiving that he had, by his remarks, produced a degree of restraint in the manners of every one, now regarded in silence the different paintings which were busily displayed by old Elliston, only remarking the excellencies of the different masters by whom they were *done*. The priests and Catherine still seemed prepared

* 1st Epistle to Timothy, chap. ii. v. 5.

to feel delight, and to express their feelings by gestures of—what Ernest thought—adoration, on the appearance of every new subject of the many legends of their church. Each painting was viewed with so much interest and tediousness, that Ernest had time also to examine the chapel, the extreme richness and beauty of which astonished him. His Protestant feelings, however, led him to look with dissatisfaction on almost every object which surrounded him; and he felt indignant as he regarded the busy, bustling, old Elliston, and the polished, and he could not help confessing to himself, singularly interesting-looking Dormer, whose influence had thus drawn upon the ebbing fortunes of the half-ruined house of Clarenham, to support a system, which, if not one of idolatry, was at least completely addressed to the senses; and which, in his opinion, only served to place a barrier between the soul and God. The painted windows of the chapel,—the sculptured roof and pillars,—the masterly paintings,—the beautiful marble pavement,—and, above all, the altar, were of the most exquisite order. The steps up to the altar,—the whole space around it,—the altar itself, most delicately sculptured, were all of marble of the purest white. A large crucifix, of the same material, and beautiful workmanship, stood on the altar, amidst the various articles used in the Roman Catholic wor-

ship,—some of which were of wrought gold, others covered with jewels.

"That is surely foreign sculpture," said Ernest to Maria, on finding himself near her, and pointing to the altar.

"It is," replied she: "It was brought from Rome."

"It is quite beautiful," remarked Ernest.

"It is thought so," answered Maria with indifference.

Catherine approached, and put her arm within that of her sister. "Come a little this way, Maria," said she; "St. Catherine is divine when seen in this light."

Maria seemed teased, but went with her. She did not, however, join in the marks of reverence paid by Catherine to the picture of this saint, whose legend was known to Ernest, and regarded by him, as it is by all protestants who know it, most blasphemous and disgusting. Maria soon returned, and again stood by Ernest.

"The altar-piece has been removed to make way for another," said she: "You will assist us cousin, to choose between two paintings which Father Clement and my brother have brought home. They are considered equally appropriate. Do, Father Dennis," continued she, turning coaxingly to the old priest, "let us now choose for the altar. We can see all these saints at another time."

"I did not expect to hear my dear daughter speak so lightly of the saints," said Elliston affectionately.

"It was not of the saints, Father; it was only of their pictures," replied Maria; "and, indeed, Father, I should not have spoken of the old paintings which are to be removed from the chapel, with any disrespect; but these new ones, though they mean to represent the same persons, are so utterly unlike the others, that they seem a company of entire strangers—"

"Pardon me, Miss Clarenham," interrupted Dormer, "if I say that such levity, on such a subject, and in such a place, is not common amongst the true members of our church."

"Fie, Maria," said Mrs. Clarenham; "you allow your spirits to get the better of your good sense very unseasonably."

Catherine crossed herself, and Maria blushed deeply and remained silent. Mr. Elliston, however, did not seem pleased to hear his lively young friend chidden, and immediately required Dormer's assistance to bring forward a large painting, and place it in a proper light. They then retired a few steps, and both reverently made the sign of the cross. The painting was a crucifixion by one of the first masters, and most forcibly and movingly represented—so much so, that Ernest could almost have joined Maria and her mother in the posture of adoration they im-

mediately assumed: Without, however, thus far yielding to sympathy of feeling, he was so evidently moved, that Clarenham, who had narrowly observed him all the time he had been examining the pictures, now approached, and said in a low tone of voice,—

"Surely such representations are calculated to move our feelings and excite our devotion, and cannot, therefore, be wrong."

Ernest sighed deeply to relieve his breast from the oppression that the contemplation of the painting had gathered there.

"I could almost agree with you, Clarenham," replied he, in the same tone of voice; "but when I look at those," waving his hand towards the other paintings, "I perceive the wisdom of God in having so positively prohibited all such representations."

"But if rightly used?—"

"Nothing can be rightly used that is so plainly forbidden."

"Forbidden!" repeated Maria Clarenham; "Does the Bible forbid their use?"

"Protestants say so," answered old Elliston quickly; then turning to Mrs. Clarenham, "Madam, it surprises me to hear the authority of the church held as nothing in the very sanctuary of the Clarenhams. Have they indeed suffered so much for her in vain?"

Mrs. Clarenham looked alarmed: but Maria

answered quickly, "Surely two Catholic priests, and four members of the true church, may find means to answer convincingly the erroneous opinions of one—heretic,"—hesitating, and looking at Ernest for forgiveness as she pronounced the word.

He smiled. "The opinions of the heretic, Miss Clarenham, were they merely his own, would have little chance of success in such a contest; but the words of God find so powerful an advocate for their truth in the human soul, that one—I shall not say heretic," again smiling,—"but one Christian, availing himself of them, need not shrink from combating a host of adversaries, who, in opposition to those words, only appeal to human authority."

"I am not surprised that Protestants should regard the authority of *their* church as human," observed old Elliston quickly: "It is the character of the true church, that her authority is divine."

"Protestant clergy claim no authority," replied Ernest, "for which they have not the plainest grounds in Scripture, and can support, not by human power, but by appealing to those Scriptures in the hands of their people: Their authority is thus, to all who believe the Bible, plainly evinced to be given them by the Divine and only Head of the true church, Jesus Christ. That authority which cannot be thus supported, and

which shrinks from such examination, I call human, merely human.. And I need not tell Mr. Elliston, that Protestants consider the authority of the Romish priesthood of the last description. But forgive me, Madam," added Ernest, turning to Mrs. Clarenham; "I have been unintentionally led into this conversation."

"We ought rather to ask your forgiveness, cousin," replied Mrs. Clarenham. "You are our guest: and such subjects cannot be agreeable to you, and were introduced by us."

"Unless,—as we must all allow has just been the case,"—observed Dormer, with his usual mild politeness, "the consciousness of having apparently had the best side of the argument could make them so. I hope Mr. Montague will, however, on some future occasion, give Father Dennis or me an opportunity to attempt doing away the unfavourable opinions he entertains of the Catholic clergy."

Ernest modestly assented, while Dormer's very respectful address excited the thought,—

"This artful Jesuit priest means to blind me by addressing himself to my vanity."

The party still continued in the chapel; and Catherine's devotion to one or two more paintings which were displayed, particularly to one of the Virgin Mary, continued unabated in ardour. Ernest's attention, however, though he could not altogether withdraw it from this young enthusiast, as

he considered her, was yet greatly more engaged by Dormer. He found, with all his prejudices, that there was something strangely prepossessing about this priest—this Jesuit. He acknowledged to himself, that, had he wished to find a model for the exterior of a Christian minister, he could at once have fixed on Dormer; and nothing but the appellation *Father* Clement, and the recollection that he was a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, would have prevented Ernest from at once yielding to the interest he inspired, and seeking that place in his regard which his manner bespoke him prepared to give. Ernest, however, as a duty, resisted those kindly feelings. Still his eyes followed Dormer, and he listened with interest to all he said. There was, too, in the devotional gestures used by Dormer, something altogether different from those of Catherine and the elder priest. He seemed to look beyond what was visible, while they appeared completely engrossed with the present representation. To Ernest he seemed an interesting visionary, and they pitiable idolaters. Dormer did not appear more than thirty,—tall, thin, and pale; his forehead high and finely formed. His hair and eyes very dark: his countenance marked, and full of expression; but its leading character, mild, grave, chastened and lowly. His manners, though unusually polished, partook remarkably of the same character. The only time since Ernest had

entered the chapel, and observed him, in which he had for a moment appeared otherwise, was that in which he had defended the fasts enjoined by his church; and, as Ernest now regarded him, he thought it likely that he had felt warmly on that point, from its being one of the duties which he practised with extreme strictness.

Ernest at last took leave of his interesting cousins and their equally interesting chaplain. Mrs. Clarenham very kindly invited him to return, and also expressed a wish to see Lady Montague. Maria cordially shook hands with her cousin, and intrusted him with a note she had written with a pencil to her friend Adeline. To Catherine he bowed stiffly; but she was, or pretended to be, too deeply engaged to observe his departure. Old Elliston nodded as he would have done to a school-boy, and Dormer stood apparently mildly waiting to return any courtesy which might be bestowed upon him. Ernest bowed respectfully, and then Dormer still more so. Clarenham left the chapel with his young friend, and conducted him to the small gallery he had mentioned, again warmly inviting him to be present at the services in the chapel, on any occasion in which he could find himself sufficiently interested to be so. The young friends then walked together across the park, and separated with mutual assurances of their intentions to meet soon again.

CHAPTER III.

"—E quand' ebbi visto e udito, mi prostrai a' piedi dell' Angelo, che tali cose mostravami, per adorarlo. E dissemi: guardati da far ciò; adora Dio."
Martini's Trans. Rev. xxii. 8.

"Do come, and walk with me, Adeline," said Ernest to his sister, on the evening of the day on which he had visited the Clarenhams. "The air is balm—every thing is lovely; and I have a thousand questions to ask you." Adeline most willingly consented, and was soon ready to accompany him. Hours were much earlier in those days; and, though only in the middle of April, Ernest and his sister had a long evening before them, ere they must return to family worship and supper; the last, at that time substantial meal, occurring about the same hour at which families of similar rank now meet at dinner.

The air was indeed balm, and all around was the loveliness of spring; but Adeline and her brother soon forgot all else in the earnestness with which they talked of the Clarenhams.

"Tell me," said Ernest, "something about that affected girl, Catherine. I am certain there is as much affectation as enthusiasm in her character."

"Do not ask me about her," replied Adeline "she has treated me with so much contempt and rudeness, that I cannot be just to her."

Ernest laughed. "Then we are equally in her good graces. Is it because we are Protestants she thus scorns us?"

"Entirely. Maria tries to persuade me that it is a matter of conscience with her; and that I ought to forgive it in one who is so soon to give up the world, and who dreads having her affections in the smallest degree drawn back to it by any one, particularly by those of a different faith."

"Poor thing!" said Ernest compassionately.

"O do not waste your pity on her!" returned Adeline: "she regards herself as quite superior to us all. You would be provoked if you heard how she lectures and reproves Maria; and, after all, I think Maria more under the influence of true religion than she is."

"And how does Maria receive those reproofs and lectures?"

"Most amiably. She has been in the habit of regarding Catherine as far superior in sanctity to herself. She believes also that she has a call from heaven, so devoted is she already to the life

o which she is destined, and therefore listens to er with deference. But I shall tell you some f those saintly deeds which raise her so highly ı her own opinion, and that of her family."

" And how do you happen to know them ?"

" Maria tells me. She does so in the hope, I elieve, of converting me; and, in return, I tell ıer my opinions, always supporting them by pas-ages from Scripture, to which Maria listens with xtreme interest: and I think, though she may ıot avow it to herself, that these passages have ılready succeeded in at least weakening her be-ief in the efficacy of some of those superstitious ites taught by Popish priests."

" In the efficacy of paying reverence to the pictures of saints, I am sure from what I saw this morning, she has no faith," observed Ernest. " Yet she was ignorant of its being prohibited in the Bible."

" I have not yet ventured to tell her that it is," answered Adeline. " I dreaded that, had I shown her the ten commandments, as they are really written in the Bible, and told her that her priests absolutely dared to suppress one altogether—dividing another into two, in order to blind their people,—and all this to support the system of image worship, she would not have credited me, and would have felt herself obliged to mention the circumstance to Mr. Elliston at her next con-

fession, who would probably have found mean to prevent our having any further intercourse."

"You have acted very prudently, dear Adeline; much more so than I. This forenoon, and in their chapel, before both priests, I told Clarenham that it was so." Ernest then told his sister what had passed.

"I rejoice to hear it," replied Adeline. "I am glad Maria heard you, and expressed her surprise before Mr. Elliston. I have often told her that Scripture forbids many things enjoined by her priests; and that I did not tell her half the wicked things done by the Romish clergy to support their authority, because she would not believe me. I say such things laughing, but they make an impression."

"But does she admit the correctness of the English translation of the Bible?"

"She says not; but I think I have convinced her judgment that it is impossible it should be incorrect, considering that it is the very leading principle of Protestantism to lay open the Bible to every one, and to invite, and inculcate, and intreat its examination, while it is the leading principle of Popery to shut it out of the sight of all but the clergy. Maria has been carefully instructed regarding the many different opinions among Protestants; but she knows also that there is quite as much learning amongst those different sects as in her own communion, therefore she is

too sensible not to perceive, that the learned men belonging to these sects would proclaim it to the world, did those differing from them venture to corrupt the translation. But we have forgotten Catherine."

"No, indeed," replied Ernest, laughing, "I shall not soon forget her."

"You bear much malice for one offence," said Adeline; "but listen, and I am sure you will feel pity also. You know the poor girl retires in less than a year to her convent to take the veil. It is usual, I believe, for those in her situation to spend this last year with their friends cheerfully, and partaking of their innocent amusements and pleasure. Not so Catherine. Hers is to be a term of the most rigid mortification; and this entirely of herself; for Mr. Elliston, though he does not forbid, by no means encourages her in it. Every hour she devotes to some occupation considered pious or meritorious by the Roman Catholics. At three in the morning, in every kind of weather, she proceeds, with a lamp in her hand, to the chapel. Sometimes, as a mortification to her natural feelings of repugnance to such exercises, she obliges herself to pass with naked feet across the rough court of the chapel, and along its cold marble pavement. I may, in recounting them, misplace her different acts of devotion; but, if I recollect aright, she first repeats what is termed a litany before the picture of the

Virgin Mary, or some saint. Her favourite is, I believe, one named St. Catherine, as she herself hopes to be. To this litany some prayers are added called matins; and, if I mistake not, they too are directed to the Virgin. Indeed, excepting some Paternosters, which are Latin, I do not recollect that Maria mentioned to me one prayer in all her sister's devotions, which was addressed to God. Those prayers continue an hour, at the close of which Catherine retires to bed, sometimes, she tells her friends, so chilled, that nothing short of a miracle prevents her catching cold; but this she owes, her family and herself believe, to St. Catherine."

"How deplorable!" exclaimed Ernest; "there is no rational evidence that any such person as St. Catherine ever existed: and, if she did, how blasphemous is it to ascribe to a human spirit those attributes which belong to God alone: for this idol, set up by the Church of Rome, has many votaries in different and distant parts of the world, and therefore must be regarded by them as present, and able to know the wants of her many and distant petitioners at the same moment. How astonishing is it, that rational people can continue in a church which teaches such unscriptural and debasing absurdities! But go on, Adeline."

"Well," resumed Adeline, "after Catherine's miraculous escape from cold,—which, however,

she does not always escape, for she has had attacks of it often of late,—she returns to bed for two hours. She then rises for the day. When dressed, another hour is spent in repeating as many Paternosters and Ave Marias, and other prayers, as there are beads on a long string. This string of bead-remembrancers is called a rosary. Most, or all of these prayers, are in Latin, which she does not understand."

Ernest sighed deeply. "What a mockery!" exclaimed he sadly: "Poor thing! what a labour which can bring no improvement to the soul!—no return whatever, but a delusive hope that she has thus fulfilled a duty, while she has only been doing that which Christ positively enjoined his disciples not to do—'using vain repetitions as the heathen did, who thought they would be heard for their much speaking.' One heartfelt confession of unworthiness to Him who is ready to forgive—one ardent prayer for pardon in his name, who is the only Mediator and Intercessor—one believing aspiration after renovation and holiness of spirit, by the grace of the Holy Spirit—how different would be the return! Adeline, we who have the Bible can scarcely conceive a mind in such a state as you have described that poor girl's to be—and you say she thinks highly of herself:—But go on."

"Forget what I have said," replied Adeline; "I am ashamed of myself."

"I will, Adeline; and also my own displeasure at her contemptuous treatment. So pray go on."

"Still," resumed Adeline, "she has another religious service to attend before breakfast—that is Mass. But Maria said little to me regarding that, except that it was performed every morning. I believe, since old Mr. Clarenham's death, there are some additional observances which are to benefit him in some way; but I could not, you know, ask any questions on that point."

"No, certainly," answered Ernest; "but we all know what effects Roman Catholics ascribe to that service when performed for the dead. But does Catherine spend the whole day in such acts of devotion?"

"No; the forenoon is dedicated to deeds of charity. Immediately after breakfast she repairs to the cottages of one class of poor people at Hallern village—those afflicted with sores. I need not tell you that the people of that village are remarkably poor, and almost all Roman Catholics. Many of them are pensioners of the Clarenhams, and are in some measure portioned out to the different members of the family. Those afflicted with sores have been selected by Catherine, since her return home, because she is very easily disgusted and made sick by any object that is loathsome; and because she finds herself particularly so just after breakfast, that is the time

she chooses to commence her attendance on her poor patients. She is frequently obliged, Maria tells me, to leave their cottages when she has only opened the dressings from a sore, to breathe the air for a moment, and then returns just to be obliged to go out again. She, however, perseveres, and some days is able to perform what she wishes. So anxious is she to overcome these, as she considers them, uncharitable and sinful feelings, that she has left nothing untried that she could think of for that purpose; and I really cannot help feeling admiration for that part of her conduct."

"All depends on the motive in such actions," replied Ernest. "If Catherine's motive is love to Christ, and, for his sake, to poor Christians, then it shall be said to her—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' But if she hopes, by such acts of kindness to the poor, to merit heaven, or atone for her sins, which is the common opinion amongst Roman Catholics,—then she is putting them in the place of Jesus Christ, whose blood alone atones for sin, and whose merits alone are sufficient to deserve heaven."

"I do not know her motives," replied Adeline; "but Maria believes that such deeds not only secure the salvation of the person who performs them,—if that person belongs to the Rom-

ish Church,—but that, if he performs very many of them, that is, more than God is supposed to require of one individual, it is in the power of the church to transfer the overplus to another person to add to his merits; and, out of that fund of the surplus merits of saints, which the church falls heir to, she draws those indulgences which she grants. Maria has told me all this, though she now begins to be ashamed of it as part of her creed; she saw that it struck me as so utterly ridiculous."

"So utterly impious," observed Ernest.—"This doctrine of the Romish Church at once sets at nought God's whole method of salvation. Does poor Maria really believe what is so completely irrational, and so utterly without the foundation of authority from Scripture, which is directly opposed to it, from beginning to end, both in letter and spirit?"

"I ought rather to say, that Maria once believed it," replied Adeline. "I think her faith has been staggered on many points since she ventured to listen to my quotations from the Bible, and to converse freely on the subject."

"Do you think she mentions those conversations in her confessions to Mr. Elliston?"

"She does not confess often. That omission is one of the sins for which Catherine reproves her, even before me. Maria has acknowledged to me, that she has had invincible repugnance to

confession ever since she began to consider herself bound to perform it as a duty; and that nothing but Mr. Elliston's affectionate kindness to her could have made it tolerable. She has always been his favourite of the whole family, and is much attached to him. She has determined to confess to him before he goes. That was the purport of the note you brought from her to me this morning."

Adeline gave her brother the note, which was as follows:—

"Do come and see me to-morrow, dearest Adeline. Come in the evening. Basil and I shall walk home with you, and we shall together see the sun set from the hill. I say the evening, because I shall confess to-morrow, and know not at what hour I may get Father Dennis; and to him I must confess before he goes, for I every day more and more dread Father Clement, who, on his part, I think, already regards me with suspicion respecting my devotedness to the authority of the priests. Your brother has just been saying strange things in our chapel. Ever yours, M. C."

"Will you meet us on the hill to-morrow evening, Ernest?" asked Adeline.

"I will with pleasure, if you assure me of being welcome to all."

"I can assure you of welcome; and do put your Greek Testament in your pocket. Maria will soon lead to the subject, and Basil may not listen to our translation."

"You are very ardent in proselyting, dear Adeline."

"Oh Ernest! if you loved Basil as I love Maria, you would feel what a continual weight upon the heart the idea is, that the soul of your most beloved friend may not be safe."

Ernest made no reply for an instant. Adeline had touched on one of those subjects which led to a train of thought, in the depths and mysteries of which he too often found himself involved. "You are surely right in using the means, Adeline," said he at last. "The effects are with God."

"Were you pleased with young Clarenham?" asked Adeline.

"Extremely so. He is very prepossessing, both in manners and appearance."

"Ah! then I hope you will soon feel as deeply interested in him as I do in Maria."

"And poor Catherine?" said Ernest, smiling.

"She is so fenced round by the good opinion she has of herself," replied Adeline, "and so full of contempt for us poor heretics, who dare read the Bible, that I do not feel at all inclined to attempt meddling with her opinions—but if you do—"

"I would far rather make a convert of Mr. Dormer," replied Ernest. "But this is a foolish way of talking; and now I think it must be late, the sun has got so low."

It was indeed getting late, and Ernest and his sister hastened homeward, as it was Sir Herbert's invariable custom to proceed with whatever was the stated occupation of the hour in his family, whoever might be absent; and they dreaded that family worship might be commenced before their return. It was indeed the hour at which it usually commenced, ere they came in sight of the house; but, to their great surprise, on leaving a wooded, and now almost dark little path, they had chosen as the nearest, they perceived Sir Herbert and Dr. Lowther at a short distance, leisurely approaching on horseback.

"What on earth can be the matter!" exclaimed Adeline. "My father detests riding at this hour, and Dr. Lowther always spends it alone, and will not suffer himself to be disturbed. Something must have happened."

Both parties reached the house together. Ernest held the bridle of his father's horse while he dismounted.

"My dear Sir, this is a very unusual hour for you to ride."

"And I have been at very unusual business," replied Sir Herbert.

"Not unpleasant, Sir, I hope."

"Less so than I expected.—Dick, take the horses," turning to the groom,—then looking at his watch, "just lead them all to the stable, and return yourself, for it is the hour for family worship." Sir Herbert then put his hand kindly on Ernest's shoulder, as they entered the house, but continued silent.

Adeline had been more successful with Dr. Lowther, who told her that Sir Herbert, having discovered that old Mr. Elliston was to leave Hallern Castle in three or four days, had sent to say that he and Dr. Lowther wished to see him in private for half an hour, and would call at any time he appointed. He had fixed that evening.

"And we have just been with him, my dear Miss Adeline," continued Dr. Lowther, "to acknowledge our faults, and ask his forgiveness, as you heard Sir Herbert say this morning he was determined to do."

"But surely, dear Sir, Mr. Elliston had more cause to ask yours, and my father's forgiveness."

"That was not to prevent us, my dear, from acknowledging that we had acted unsuitably to our profession. We must not leave those sins which we are led into by our pride and evil passions, to be charged on our religion."

"But how did Mr. Elliston receive my father? My dear father!—I can scarcely conceive his sub-

mitting to—and you, dear Dr. Lowther—and that old priest does at times look so haughty."

"I have not time to tell you now, my dear Miss Adeline, but he was not haughty—at least not after he knew the nature of our visit. But we must now join Sir Herbert."

Family worship occupied rather more time in those days than it usually does now, as it was then thought essential, at least among Presbyterians and the descendants of non-conformists, to train their young people, and those they considered under their charge, by a much more laborious and deep course of religious study than is thought necessary in our more enlightened days: and young people, or those who had but recently begun to take an interest in religious subjects, from this notion, that time and study were necessary to the acquirement of knowledge on that, as on other subjects, were sadly kept back, and prevented, in those dark times of systematic and heavy divinity, from teaching, and deciding, and dictating on disputed points, as they do now, with so much benefit to others, and to themselves.

Ernest and Adeline took notes of the explanation given by Dr. Lowther to the passage of Scripture he had selected for the evening, and into the meaning of which he entered at considerable length, and apparently with much interest and anxiety that it should impress his

hearers. Lady Montague also took notes occasionally; and even Sir Herbert recorded on his tablets two or three strong and original remarks made by his old friend; while the domestics listened with looks of intelligent attention; and, when the service was over, it did not seem as if it had been an interruption, from which every one afterwards returned to more congenial occupation, but to have so arrested the attention, and engaged the mind and feelings, as to impress its own character on what followed.

"How true your remark was, my dear friend," said Sir Herbert to Dr. Lowther, referring to a part of the recent lecture,—"that the pain attendant on performing any plain duty, is not in the act, but in the imaginary evils which precede it."

"The duty of this evening has not then proved painful," said Lady Montague, looking more to the well known expression of Sir Herbert's countenance for an answer, than listening to his words.

"No, my love," replied he, with that softness of expression which his countenance never wore to any but herself, and with a smile which conveyed to her, that she should afterwards know whatever she chose of his least expressible feelings.

Adeline had seated herself next to her father, and now unconsciously watched his countenance. He continued to converse with Dr. Lowther and

her mother without seeming to observe her. At last turning abruptly round, and looking her full in the face, "Well, Adeline, you have studied my looks for the last half hour, what have you discovered?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied Adeline, casting down her eyes and blushing.

"At least nothing you wish to discover, Addy. But, come now, confess the truth; you can think of nothing else, from your anxiety to know how your father made out to ask forgiveness of an old Jesuit priest."

"I have discovered, Sir, that it has made him look so mild and benignant," replied Adeline archly, "that I am in hopes he will gratify my curiosity."

Sir Herbert smiled: "Well, Addy, I will tell you thus far,—you need never dread doing what is right; for you may trust, that if you are determined to deny yourself, and obey God, he will make your way plain and smooth before you." Then turning to Ernest, "You are right, my dear boy, in trying to discover what is attractive, or worthy of a rational being's love, in those religions which differ from your own. We are too apt to consider those who oppose us, fools and hypocrites. Poor old Elliston! I am sure he is neither. Yet I have thought him a hypocrite for the last twenty years, because I could not conceive that a man of his sense and

shrewdness really credited all the nonsense taught by his church: but I must now lay the blame elsewhere, for I am certain he himself is deceived."

"How did he receive you, Sir?" asked Ernest.

"He supposed we had come with some complaint or threat about his attempt to proselyte the labourers who have lately come to the new cottages near my stone quarry, and received us very stiffly. I was rather at a loss how to commence what I had to say, and he began the conversation by saying rather haughtily,—"I suppose, Sir Herbert, you and Dr. Lowther are come to accuse me of the crime of having attempted to bring some of the heretics on your domains back to the true church."

"Provoking old fellow?" said Rowley indignantly. "I wonder you could proceed, Sir."

"I felt more hurt than angry, Rowley, because I meant kindness only. I just said, that I had not come to complain of any part of his conduct; but, before his departure, to acknowledge how sensible we were of having on some occasions acted in a very unchristian manner towards him, and to ask his forgiveness: and then what a change there was in the old man's looks and manner!" Sir Herbert seemed moved even at the recollection.

"Certainly I never witnessed such a change,"

said Dr. Lowther; "and when Sir Herbert held out his hand, and asked his forgiveness, the old man wept. He tried to overcome his softness, and said he had prepared himself for a scene so different—that he was already moved by the thoughts of so soon parting from a family who were too dear to a man who had taken the vows he had—and then he had so many confessions to make of unchristian conduct towards us;—and, in the fulness of his softened heart, acknowledged that the very intention of instituting his order was to reclaim heretics. That their vows tended to that one point; and that on their success depended all they valued;—and then he asked our forgiveness so earnestly—in short, my dear madam," said Dr. Lowther, addressing Lady Montague, "Sir Herbert, Mr. Elliston, and I, parted like brothers."

"And does he go so soon as we heard he did?" asked Lady Montague.

"The day after to-morrow is what they call Good Friday," replied Dr. Lowther. "It is a busy day with Roman Catholics: so is the Sabbath following; and on Monday Mr. Elliston leaves the Castle. He is appointed confessor to a rich old English gentleman, who resides generally at Florence."

"Poor old man!" said Sir Herbert, compassionately; "How cruel to remove him from those young people whom he must feel for as if

they were his own. What an iniquitous system that is, which denies to the minister of God that relation to any creature which the Divine Being has marked out as so honourable, by constantly appropriating the character to himself—that of a father. Did you remark the expression of poor old Elliston's countenance, Dr. Lowther, when he asked you for your sons and daughters, and how many grandchildren you had?"

"I did—there was a strange mixture of sarcasm and sadness in it."

The reader must be informed, that though Dr. Lowther now generally resided at Illerton-Hall, he had done so only for two years. Previous to that period he had dwelt in his own house near his church. A few months before that time, however, he had lost his wife. His three sons had been honourably settled in different situations before their mother's death, and his two daughters happily married in his own parish. When his home thus became sad and lonely, Sir Herbert had tried every means to induce him to reside at Illerton. He had got his books carried thither, and, by degrees, prevailed on him to prolong his visits, till at last, though he still considered his own house his home, he was never suffered to be there, but spent his time either with some member of his own family, or as chaplain at Illerton-Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

"Imperocchè Dio è uno, uno anche il mediatore tra Dio, e gli uomini, uomo Christo Gesù." *Martini's Trans.*—1 Tim. ii. 5.

It was still two hours from sunset on the following day, when Ernest proceeded to the appointed hill where he was to meet Adeline and the two young Clarenhams. He walked slowly and thoughtfully to the place of meeting, his whole soul absorbed by one subject of desire and hope—the conversion of his young relations, and of their interesting chaplain. The conversion of the last seemed almost hopeless; and Ernest, when he recollected, in his modest estimation of himself, how little he knew of those arguments by which Roman Catholics defended their faith, shrunk from the idea of entering on the subject with one whose appearance and manner conveyed so much sincerity and devotion, and who, he had heard, was as eminent for learning and ta-

lents as for sanctity. Not that he felt a doubt as to his being in error; "for any argument must be sophistry," reasoned he, "however subtile, which defends a system, the basis of which is so utterly unscriptural as that of the Romish faith. —Denying free access to the word of God—ordaining prayers to be offered up in a language not understood by the people—praying to departed spirits—setting up images and pictures in the churches for the people to prostrate themselves before:—No argument could prove these to be agreeable to Scripture." Ernest walked slowly as he thus reasoned, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground. "Impossible! no argument could prove it;" said he aloud. Some one passed as he spoke: he looked up, and saw—Dormer.

Ernest started and stopt. Dormer also stopt. He looked slightly embarrassed, but said, with his usual mildness—

"I beg pardon, Mr. Montague. I have interrupted you. The extreme beauty of the views seen from this hill has perhaps led me too far. Am I beyond the bounds which separate the domains of Illerton from Hallern? I do not yet exactly know them."

"If you were, Mr. Dormer, surely you cannot possibly suppose that you are not perfectly welcome."

"I can suppose nothing of Mr. Montague but

what is benevolent and kind," replied Dormer, feelingly. Then smiling,—" I perceive I have passed the boundary."

" It is at the top of the hill," replied Ernest; " but one of the finest views is seen a little lower down on this side. If you will permit me, I will conduct you to the place."

Dormer seemed to hesitate.

" I assure you it is finer than any you have yet seen," said Ernest.

" I doubt not that," replied Dormer; " but whether I ought to indulge myself by encroaching on your time and kindness."

There was something so perfectly simple in Dormer's manner, polished as it was, that it conveyed the most irresistible conviction of sincerity; and Ernest now replied, with warmth, that no way in which he could at that moment employ his time would give him equal pleasure—and the next instant he found himself walking arm and arm with that same most interesting Jesuit priest who had so deeply engaged his thoughts a few minutes before. They walked on for a time in silence. Ernest felt embarrassed—and Dormer seemed not quite at ease. At last Dormer broke the silence—

" I think, Mr. Montague, I ought in honesty to tell you how much I overheard of what you, in the depth of thought, and you supposed in solitude, said as I passed you a little ago. Your

words were—' Impossible! no argument could prove it.'—I heard no more."

"I was indeed very deep in thought," replied Ernest, reddening as he recollected on what subject.

"Your family are Calvinists, I believe, Mr. Montague?"

"They are," replied Ernest. "They profess the doctrines of the Church of Scotland."

"And of Holland and Geneva;" said Dormer.

"Yes—and of the puritans and non-conformists of England and America."

"It is, I know, a wide-spread creed," replied Dormer; "and I have remarked, that those who are educated in its doctrines, if they take an interest in religion, learn to be very deep thinkers."

"It is not surprising they should," replied Ernest. "They are early led to the contemplation of very deep mysteries. It was not any doctrine of my own church, however, which occupied my thoughts when I met you Mr. Dormer. It was ——" Ernest hesitated for a moment, then said frankly, "I was endeavouring to discover what could be said in defence of some of the doctrines of your church."

Dormer looked surprised but pleased. "In defence of them!" repeated he.

"Yes," replied Ernest. "I am acquainted

with what, by Protestants, are considered the erroneous doctrines of your church: but I do not believe I am acquainted with what wise and good men of the Romish faith say in their defence."

"Do you, a Protestant and Calvinist, believe that there are wise and good men at this day in the Church of Rome?"

"I assuredly do."

"And men of real religion?" asked Dormer. Ernest was silent.

"You cannot go so far," said Dormer.

"That was the very difficulty I was attempting to solve," replied Ernest. "I must believe that there have certainly been truly religious men in the Romish church. Who can read the writings of Fenelon and Pascal, and not believe it?"

A slight motion of Dormer's arm made Ernest look in his face. There was a passing expression of displeasure, but he said nothing; and Ernest instantly recollected how little agreeable to a Jesuit it could be to hear Pascal singled out for praise. Ernest felt confused—"I certainly cannot doubt that there have been, and consequently still may be, truly religious men in the Church of Rome. But, Mr. Dormer, may I ask you the same question: Do you believe that there are men of real religion among Protestants?"

"I will answer you with perfect frankness Mr. Montague," replied Dormer, "though I would rather you had not, so early in our acquaintance, asked me that question, lest the answer I must give you should lead you to suspect me of bigotry. But let me ask you—do you think there is more than one *right* way of understanding any subject?"

"Certainly not."

"And whatever deviation is made from that one right way is error?"

"Certainly."

"And you are not one of those Mr. Montague, who regard error in religious principles of no moment, provided your conduct to your fellow-men is irreproachable?"

"I am not. I look upon sound religious principles in the soul as the only source from whence conduct acceptable to God can proceed."

"Yes, *sound* principles of religion; but if those which are supposed so are in fact erroneous, is the person who is guided by them safe?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I will answer your question. I cannot suppose that Protestants are safe, because I believe they are guided by a system of error. I cannot think a man, however I may love him, and desire his salvation, can be a truly religious man while his religion is error: and I think Pro-

estants are strangely inconsistent when they say hat the Catholic Church is full of corruptions and errors, and yet allow that her members may be safe."

"We do not say," replied Ernest, "that those who are guided by the corruptions and errors of the Church of Rome are safe; but that, corrupt as that church is, it still teaches, though deeply mingled with error, those truths which, if believed and obeyed, save the soul. In the writings of those members of your church whom I have mentioned, they profess to rest their hopes of salvation on those truths: We, therefore, in charity, hope that they, and all such as they, in the Romish church, are safe. It is, however, difficult for a Protestant to conceive that state of mind, which, at the same time, can believe the truths taught in the Bible, and admit some of those doctrines and observances insisted on by your church."

"May I ask you to mention one of those doctrines or observances?"

"I need only remind you of what I witnessed in your chapel yesterday," replied Ernest. "St. Paul says expressly—'there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'* The church of Rome teaches the first great truth of this passage,—'there is one God;'

* 1 Tim. ii. 5.

but in direct contradiction to the inspired apostle, says, that there are hundreds of mediators—angels—the departed spirits of men and women."

"But not in the same sense that Christ is mediator," interrupted Dormer, mildly.

"Allowing the distinction," said Ernest, "which, however, Roman Catholics themselves admit is not always made by the ignorant,—and such in their communion always constitutes the majority;—allowing such mediators in any sense, is utterly an invention of the church of Rome—without one word or one example in Scripture to authorise it—and corrupts, and weakens, and dishonours those plain Scripture doctrines, on the belief and right understanding of which our salvation depends."

"I cannot perceive that it does," replied Dormer, with the same perfect gentleness.—"Were Mr. Montague a member of the Catholic and apostolic church, I have already heard so much of his extreme kindness to the poor—of his anxiety to make all around him good and happy—and I have seen so much of zeal for what he considers truth—and felt so grateful for his benevolent kindness to a stranger, for whom all the prejudices of his education must have taught him to feel the contrary;—that I should humbly ask the benefit of his prayers: and surely the prayers of the saints in heaven may be intreated."

Ernest remained silent—not from being satisfied with Dormer's reply, for nothing could be less satisfactory; but from the modesty of his nature, and the kindness of his heart. Had he yielded to the last, he could almost have embraced the interesting stranger who seemed so grateful for common civilities; but such direct praise of himself, mingled with a defence so weak, of what appeared to Ernest gross superstition in his church, checked his kinder feelings, and reminded him that his companion was a Romish priest and a Jesuit.

"Forgive me, Mr. Montague," said Dormer, "if I have treated the subject we were talking of, as of less importance than it appears to you."

"You certainly have—but, now we have reached the spot I mentioned,"—replied Ernest, as he and Dormer got clear of some straggling trees and underwood through which they had been passing, and pointing to the widely extended view which now lay before them,—"I hope we shall not now differ in opinion." Ernest retired a step or two, and looked in a different direction from that to which Dormer's attention seemed immediately to be fixed, not so much to contemplate the view, as to watch the looks of his companion.

Ernest was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties and sublimities of nature; so much so, that an absence of the same taste in others led

him, in the common rashness of youth, to regard such as deficient in all the lovelier qualities of the human character. Dormer, in this, however, did not disappoint him; but seemed as deeply susceptible of those beauties as himself. His looks—his words—his gestures,—all expressed that deep feeling of admiration which is produced by natural taste, joined to adoration of that glorious Being who has still left traces of his character wherever we look around us on our sinful world. There was one point, however, to which Dormer's looks still returned, and that point Ernest considered the least beautiful of the whole landscape. Dormer seemed to forget Ernest's presence—every thing—while, as he looked earnestly in that direction, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of extreme melancholy. At last recollecting himself—"I was not aware," said he, "that those hills," pointing in the direction to which his attention had been so earnestly fixed, "could have been seen from hence. Amongst them is my birthplace, and the place in which I spent my youth. I supposed that fifteen years' absence had deadened every feeling of attachment to its scenery; but, at this moment, it is all before me; and the effect is strangely powerful."

"You have not, then, visited it since your return?" said Ernest.

"No: nor shall I visit it. Strangers possess

it now. The part my family took for their church and king was too open and decided to leave them with lands and fortunes, while the one is oppressed at home, and the other in exile abroad. They are all dispersed. For my own part, I ought to rejoice, that, for many years, I have been separated from all natural ties to this world. I ought the more perfectly to feel myself what I profess to be, 'a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth.'"

Ernest made no answer. He was plain and sincere on all occasions; but his feeling of interest and sympathy for Dormer could not lessen his dislike to that cause for which his family had suffered; and which was, in his opinion, as bad as a weak, corrupt, and arbitrary government, and a false and intolerant religion, could make it.

"You do not think the cause worth the sacrifice, I perceive!" said Dormer.

"I certainly do not in either case," replied Ernest, "yet I hope you will believe I can feel for those who do."

"I certainly cannot disbelieve it," said Dormer; "but I must not encroach longer on your time and kindness."

"We may return together," said Ernest. "I promised to meet my sister at the boundary before sun-set; and may I beg of you, Mr. Dormer, to have a better opinion of us than to believe we should not be gratified by your finding

it agreeable to you to walk or ride on any part of the Illerton grounds."

Dormer expressed his gratitude—looked again earnestly towards the hills, and sighed deeply: then, putting his arm within Ernest's, they turned towards the path to re-ascend the hill.

"May I invite you, Mr. Montague," said Dormer, as they walked, "to witness the service in Hallern Chapel to-morrow? I think your once doing so would have more effect in convincing you that the Catholic church has judged wisely in exciting the devotion of her children, by those representations you seemed so much to condemn yesterday, than any thing I could say."

"I wish much to witness the service," replied Ernest, "and shall willingly be present to-morrow; but hope I shall meet with nothing to reconcile me to what is expressly prohibited in the word of God."

"We do not adore the representation," replied Dormer; "we adore the reality only. We do not, therefore, transgress any law of God."

"Your distinctions are too nice," said Ernest. "The words of the commandment are, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee the likeness of any thing in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not bow thyself to them, nor worship them.'"

"Bow thyself to them, to adore them, is the

translation of the church," said Dormer: "and we do not transgress that law."

"Even allowing that translation, which is not literal, why thus come on the very verge of disobedience? Why teach that which all Roman Catholics allow may be so misunderstood as to lead the ignorant into the commission of that sin, more condemned than any other in Scripture, and consequently most dangerous to their souls,—idolatry? Why are the Romish clergy so determinately bent on this, that, where it is possible the people may never discover that there is a law of God on the subject, they suppress that law altogether? Is it possible for Protestants, with the Bible in their hands, containing the law, to know this, and not regard the clergy of the Church of Rome with distrust—and to apply to them the words of Christ, 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.'"

"Protestants misunderstand us," replied Dormer, with unchanged gentleness, though Ernest had become warm;—"Come to-morrow to our chapel, Mr. Montague, and judge for yourself."

Ernest again promised, and, soon after, he observed his sister and her young friends approaching to meet him; and, much to his surprise, accompanied by Catherine, who walked apparently in a very friendly manner, with her arm within that of Adeline Montague.

Ernest was met by young Clarenham with increased cordiality and kindness, and by Maria with the same unaffected expressions of pleasure with which she had received him the day before. He bowed to Catherine, but scarcely looked at her, and was therefore unconscious of the change in her manner when she returned his salutation.

"How prettily you have kept your appointment, Mr. Ernest," said Adeline.

"I imagined I was keeping it."

"Look at the sun."

Ernest looked, and saw that it had sunk beneath the horizon. "I had no idea it was so late."

"You must blame me, Miss Montague," said Dormer; your brother had, I believe, nearly reached the appointed place of meeting when he met me wandering, I did not know whither, and became my guide to view the most attractive scenery I have looked upon for many years."

"O, I forgive *you*, Mr. Dormer; but Ernest always finds means to spend his time with the wisest and gravest people—" Adeline stopt and blushed—"I do not mean to say that those were not wise with whom I have passed my time, but it was scarcely fair in you, Ernest, to leave one to combat three."

"Combat!" repeated Dormer.

"One against three, Father," said Maria Clarenham quickly. "Surely we ought to make

converts; for strength of numbers, at least, is always on our side."

"I wish you all success from my heart, daughter," replied Dormer, looking calmly and gravely at Maria. "I trust you do not forget how serious the subject is to which you allude?"

"I hope not," replied Maria, reddening; "and I must say," continued she, "that we have been only two against one. Catherine joined not in the argument."

"No," said Catherine. "I venture not on such ground. I listen not to the words of Inspiration but as they are imparted to me by a priest. I presume not to use my own judgment in matters so sacred. Yet I desire, as much as any one, the return of heretics to the church—and most particularly the return of my cousins."

There was an air of elevation and enthusiasm in Catherine's manner as she spoke, and on ceasing, she approached Ernest, and lightly touching his arm, said, "Follow me. I have a message for you." Then turning, she again put her arm within Adeline's, walked to a little distance from the rest of the party, and stopt. Ernest followed; and now Adeline and he looked at each other, while Catherine, withdrawing her arm from Adeline's, placed herself before them—one hand raised—and an expression of intense thought gathering on her young brow.

"I will tell the truth," said she at last—"Yes,

the whole truth. Adeline, you have thought me an unfeeling bigot!"

"No, no, dear Catherine, only an enthusiast," said Adeline, affectionately.

"Do not interrupt me. You are not quite sincere. You at least thought I regarded myself as right; and while I was satisfied you were in dangerous error, instead of pitying, only felt for you contempt and dislike. You thought the truth. I saw the ridicule with which you regarded all the pains I took to work out my own salvation. I knew that Maria had acquainted you with my most secret religious acts, because I had given her leave to do so—still you seemed only to feel that all were ridiculous. It is strange that I should have felt so painfully my want of success in convincing you of the superiority of that sanctity practised by the religious of our church; but when I saw that you would not be convinced—when I saw that you esteemed Maria's regard far more highly than mine—that you even thought her more truly religious—that you felt my society an interruption,—I did not feel, as I ought to have done, sorrow for you as a heretic, but displeasure at you, and dislike of you. Since yesterday, there has been the most wonderful change in my feelings. It is a miracle. I know it is. Yesterday," addressing Ernest, "when you entered the chapel, I was displeased that a heretic—a brother of the scoffing Adeline,

should have been brought into our very sanctuary. I could not prevent it, but determined that I at least should not join in welcoming you. I kept my uncharitable resolution in the very presence of the cross. I saw that I had wounded your feelings, and it gave me pleasure—but only for a time. You remained and condemned our worship—but there was no ridicule, no scorn in what you said. It seemed, even to me, calm, sober, unanswerable truth. I was certain you were in error, and that I only needed instruction from my confessor to be convinced you were: yet I felt the deepest compassion for you taking possession of my mind. Shame for my reception of you made me avoid looking at you as you retired, but I saw your parting bow to Father Clement, and felt sure that you did not scorn us. From that moment, the thought of your's and of Adeline's conversion has occupied my every thought. It prevented my sleeping; and I rose an hour earlier than usual to bestow that hour in saying Ave Marias for you to the Virgin. Adeline, I see you ready to smile, but I will nevertheless tell you the truth."

"You are unjust to me, Catherine," said Adeline—"Who could feel any thing but gratitude for intentions so kind?"

"No one could, indeed," said Ernest.

"Well, listen," continued Catherine.—"I had been thus employed for nearly the hour,

and a sweet calm seemed to be breathed into my soul, while I so earnestly longed for your conversion. A current of morning air came along the aisles so as to blow upon the lamp, and I looked away for a moment from the face of the Virgin to place it differently. Now listen:—When I looked again, there was a smile upon her lips—I am sure there was—and that smile approved of my wish for your salvation, and is an assurance to you that she will mediate for you, and that she longs to regard you as her children. Will you refuse her? Will you not be persuaded, even by a miracle, to return into the bosom of the true church? Oh, surely you will!"

Ernest and Adeline were both silent from surprise, and from compassion for the young visionary.

"You do not believe that I saw the Virgin smile!" said she to Ernest.

"I believe, my dear cousin," replied he, "that you supposed you saw your most kind and amiable feelings reflected in the countenance of the painting. I should make a most unworthy return for the interest you take in us, were I to say I believed more."

"You do not believe my word, because I am a Catholic!"

"I do believe your word, Catherine. I believe that you felt natural displeasure when you

supposed Adeline treated with ridicule those observances which you held sacred. I believe that you really desire to have your mind in that state which is most pleasing to God, and that you therefore most readily admitted the first kind feeling which entered it on behalf of your cousins. I believe also that this kind feeling was much more agreeable than unkind feelings had been, and produced that sweet calm of soul you mentioned; but I think the state of your mind, and the belief that such things had happened before, led you to suppose you saw the painting smile. I cannot believe that a piece of canvass smiled."

"But it was a miracle. Many such happened to me in the convent; and Father Ignatius, my confessor, in most instances, assured me I was not mistaken."

"Did you mention this last miracle to Mr. Elliston?"

"I did."

"And did he say you were not mistaken?"

"He said I was right in wishing for the return of my cousins into the church; and that I was also right to pray to the Virgin for them,—and did not say I was mistaken."

"Then, Catherine," said Ernest, solemnly, "that priest has your blood on his head if you perish. He knows that God, in his word, has said, 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, by which we can be saved,'

but the name of Jesus.* Yet he teaches you to pray to the spirit of a woman—a creature. He knows that the same inspired word declares,—that there is one mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; and no where speaks of any other mediator. Yet he encourages you to hope in the effectual mediation of a creature; and to believe that miracles are performed to support the gross delusion. These, my dear Catherine, are all inventions—mere groundless fables of your priests, entirely contrary to the Bible. Jesus Christ himself says, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'† 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'‡ 'He that believeth on the Son,' said John the Baptist, 'hath everlasting life.'§ And St. Paul says, 'Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.'‖ The Bible is full of passages to the same purpose; while there is not one from its beginning to its end, which authorises praying to any departed spirits, asking their intercession, or any thing of the kind; but, on the contrary, the most severe denunciation against every species of worship that is not addressed to the only true God."

* Acts iv. 12. † John iii. 16. ‡ John xvii. 3.
§ John iii. 36. ‖ Gal. iii. 26.

"The church believes in the Son of God," said Catherine, looking bewildered, and half-alarmed.

"Yes, my dear Catherine; but your church greatly dishonours him, by representing him as made more propitious by intermediate intercessions. This is utterly opposite to the Bible. He there invites all to come unto him—reproaches men for not coming to him, in words of kindness and sorrow—'Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life.' His office is that of a Saviour. The office of his ministers is to preach him as the Saviour: and, believe me, dear Catherine, they have not an adequate knowledge of his character who join creature mediation with the all-perfect mediation of the Son of God."

Clarenham now approached—"We must leave you, Catherine. It is getting so late and chilly, that Maria can wait no longer."

Catherine looked toward the darkening sky. "How rapidly time passes in such conversation!" said she.

The party then took an affectionate leave of each other: Adeline and Ernest to hasten home to evening worship—their cousins and Dormer to return more leisurely through the Park to the Castle.

The moon was just beginning to be seen above the woods to the east, and its light gradually be-

coming brighter than that produced by the glow in the western sky.

"What on earth were you saying with so much earnestness to the Montagues, Catherine?" asked Maria. "Two days ago you would scarcely speak to Adeline, and to-day you seem quite to love her—and now so long a secret for these two heretics."

"I was wrong in not wishing to speak to Adeline," said Catherine. "I am sure Father Clement will say so; as my only motive was her being a heretic, and her regarding my religion with that scorn which her education had taught her to do."

"You were wrong certainly, daughter," said Dormer; "yet you ought to be cautious of bringing scorn justly on your profession, by changes so rapid, and which, to those who may not know your motives, must appear at least whimsical."

"But I told my motives. I told the whole truth."

"And what was the truth, dear Catherine?" asked Clarenham.

"I wish to have no secrets from any of the present party," replied Catherine; "and they, I know, will believe me." She then told the story of the Virgin smiling.

"And did you tell that to the young Montagues?" asked Dormer with alarm.

"I did. I thought truth would have more effect than any thing I could say."

"How imprudent! How miserably ill judged!" exclaimed Dormer with displeasure. "Did you not know, Miss Catherine, that such things ought never to be mentioned to any one till they have been communicated to your confessor, that he may judge whether or not the whole has been a work of the imagination?"

"I did know it, Father, and told the whole to Father Dennis at confession this morning."

"And did he permit you to divulge it?"

"He did not forbid me; and commended my wish for the return of my cousins into the true church."

Dormer made no answer, and the party walked on for a time in silence.

"If I have erred, Father," said Catherine at last, "I beg you may tell me, that I may do penance before to-morrow."

"I interfere not, daughter. Father Dennis is your spiritual guide while he remains here. You cannot require to do penance if he approved of you."

No more was said on the subject, and each one of the party seemed willing to remain silent, as they passed, by the calm moonlight, over the rough and damp grass.

Mrs. Clarenham, surprised at their lateness, sat at a window watching their return; and, be-

fore they could explain the cause of their delay, anxiously hurried them away to change those parts of their dress which she supposed might be damp, and, in their absence, had a large fire prepared to do away all effects of cold.

A repast followed—not such as was usual at that hour. It was a fast. Clarenham, slight in form, and scarcely yet in the strength of manhood, but now looking animated, and the glow of recent exercise in his countenance, ate sparingly of vegetables: Catherine equally sparingly.—Maria, who, in every thing of which she could see no use or spiritual benefit, was a bad Roman Catholic, made a hearty meal of such fare as the table afforded. Mrs. Clarenham seemed scarcely to know what she ate; and Dormer, with the fast and service of the following day before him, supped on a little salad. Elliston was less abstemious, and reminded Dormer of the long fast which must follow. Dormer thanked him, but only said, "I have strength for it, Father."

After the spare repast was over, and the family rose to separate for the night, Dormer requested Elliston to remain for a few minutes, and then repeated to him what had passed respecting the miracle.

"The child told me of no miracle," said Elliston.

"Strange! she assured me you had received her confession this morning—that she had in-

formed you of what she believed she had seen, and that you had not forbidden her to regard it as a miracle, or to mention it as such."

Elliston thought for an instant. "I have sinned, brother. I now have a confused recollection of her mentioning something of rising earlier than usual to pray to the Virgin for her cousins; but the truth is, my thoughts were far distant. I know not what she confessed. Her confessions hitherto have shown her heart so true to the church, and have been so like each other, that ——but I need not extenuate my fault. I have sinned, and grieve for the consequences."

"It may be possible to prevent farther evil, Father. This does not appear to me to have been a miracle."

"A miracle!" repeated Elliston, looking with surprise at his brother priest—"If you listen to that child, you will hear of a miracle every day."

"I think not, Father," replied Dormer, rather coldly.

"Well, well," said Elliston—"perhaps she may become less of a saint under your guidance than she has been considered hitherto;—but let me tell you, brother, if you suffer the intimacy which seems again commencing so ardently with the young Montagues, to proceed, you will soon have neither saints nor Catholics among the young Clarenhams."

"I should rather hope to have, by that means,

both Clarenhams and Montagues," replied Dormer.

"You do not know that family, brother, or the man who has reared them in heresy," replied Elliston.

"The true church ought not to shrink from those who are in error, as if error was stronger than truth," said Dormer. "Young Montague seems most amiably disposed, and, though prejudiced against the church, yet willing to listen candidly to whatever is advanced in her behalf: and I already have his promise to be present at our service to-morrow."

"It will make no impression, brother," replied Elliston. "The boy is what he ever was, thoughtful and clear-headed, mild, feeling, and sensible, with rather a disposition to melancholy. I have studied him from his childhood; and for long his conversion was one of my most anxious wishes: But he has been nurtured on the Bible —he is intimate with the languages in which it was originally written—his disposition has led him to study it deeply; and the Protestant system in which he has been educated is the one, of all others, most opposed to Catholicism."

"I know it is," replied Dormer, "and therefore feel the more ardently desirous to deliver him from its errors."

"Well," said Elliston, with rather a sneer on his countenance; "you can try, brother. Expe-

rience is not often trusted to by any but those who can no longer profit by it;—but surely every member of our church might know, by this time, that there is no heresy so deep-rooted and insurmountable as that wrought in the mind by the free use of the Scriptures, with the right of private judgment of their contents. But good-night, brother; I shall do away the evil effects of my negligence this morning as far as I can—but if the Montagues are to be the daily companions of my poor children, it signifies little to attempt any thing. That girl Adeline would ridicule the relics of St. Peter. There is no hope of any of them but the younger boy. He has no head for their deep doctrines—and no heart for their strict practice—and wearies to death of Dr. Lowther's long preachings. He might be attracted by the splendour of our service,—but good-night, brother. You must take your own way."

CHAPTER V.

" Iddio è spirito: e quel, che l'adorona, adorar lo debbono in ispirito e verità." *Martini's Trans.*—John iv. 24.

THE service in Hallern Chapel, next day, had been some time commenced before Ernest entered the small private gallery which had been shown to him by young Clarenham. This gallery was in a dark recess, and had curtains so disposed as to conceal the persons in it from the congregation below, while all that passed in the chapel was perfectly seen by those in the gallery.

When Ernest entered the chapel, all was so still, that he imagined the service was not begun. On softly approaching the front of the gallery, however, he was most forcibly struck with the scene below. The chapel was nearly full of people—all, at that moment, kneeling on the pavement in profound silence—every eye turned with apparently intense devotion on the painting over

Drawn by Grace Kennedy. F.B.Sc

The Chapel was nearly full of People - every eye turned with apparently intense devotion on the painting over the Altar.

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Edinburgh Published by W. Oliphant 22 South Bridge 1827

he altar. It was that crucifixion which had so powerfully moved Ernest's feelings on his former visit to the chapel. Amongst the worshippers were Mrs. Clarenham, her son, and two daughters, kneeling also devoutly on the pavement, with their eyes fixed on the painting. Dormer knelt near the altar—his hands clasped on his breast, and his eyes fixed with an expression of adoration on the suffering, but beautifully resigned and affecting countenance of the picture. Elliston was in the pulpit. He stood with his hands also clasped on his breast, and apparently adoring the representation.

The whole scene was powerfully imposing; but, after the first moments of novelty, Ernest found it oppressively painful. It was impossible not to believe that the feelings he saw so powerfully depicted on every countenance were real. He could scarcely bear even to look at Dormer. His countenance—his attitude—all expressed the most ardent, the most unaffected feelings of devotion; and yet,—superior in intellect as he was,—he could thus, in submission to the authority of his fellow-men, bend and limit his soul to a worship so little spiritual. Ernest thought of that glorious Being who has promised *Himself* to be present wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, to bless them, and to do them good; and he could feel no sympathy with those who sought to worship him—a present God

—through a medium so unworthy; and yet Roman Catholics themselves defend the use of these representations only on the ground that they excite and inspire devotion. "Is it possible, thought Ernest, "that one thought of His glory who fills eternity, would not have more effect when recollecting what he chose to suffer for *our* sakes, than those unworthy attempts to move, not our souls, but our senses!"

Ernest's thought were at last interrupted, and the profound silence of the chapel broken, by Dormer, as he knelt, repeating, in a voice of thrilling power, the words addressed to the thief upon the cross: —"Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Elliston then began, in a strain of most vehement declamation, to call the attention of the people to these words. Some things he said were good, and Ernest listened to them with pleasure; but the old man, before he concluded, had worked up his own and the people's feelings to a state with which Ernest could feel no emotion of sympathy. He and they were in tears; and the chapel resounded with audible sobs. Dormer, he however observed, was not moved: neither were Clarenham and Maria; but Catherine and her mother were deeply so.

Just as Elliston finished, the chapel began to darken. Ernest looked towards the large Gothic window by which it was lighted, and saw a thick

curtain gradually descending over it. This, he supposed, was meant to represent that miraculous darkness which accompanied the last sufferings on the cross; and he felt shocked by an imitation which appeared to him so profane. Soon all was in the gloom of departing twilight—all but the painting. A lamp suspended above it, which Ernest had not before observed, now shed its pale rays on the countenance, giving it still more the expression of suffering and exhaustion, and throwing on the figure the pallidness of death. The darkness seemed to affect the people as if it had been real. A sensation among them, as if gathering together, had a powerful effect on Ernest's feelings. This was increased by Dormer's voice, proceeding from the darkened altar, and pronouncing the next sacred words uttered by Christ. These again called forth a vehement burst of declamation from Elliston. Another and another sentence was thus pronounced by Dormer, and declaimed on by Elliston; and Ernest began to feel wearied of the sameness of his exaggerated expressions,—and thought of retiring, when, after another pause of deep silence, the next sentence was pronounced, not by Dormer, but by Elliston; and then Dormer began, not like old Elliston, with vehement, and unstudied, and ineloquent appeals to the feelings of his hearers, but in a voice, calm, low, and thrilling, to explain the words, and point out the instruc-

tions to be derived from them. Ernest's attention was completely arrested: but it required more than even Dormer's eloquence,—though every sentence seemed the result of study and of conviction,—to prove what he attempted to prove. The words he preached on were those addressed by Christ to his disciple John, on consigning to him the care of his mother:—"Behold thy mother." The Evangelist simply adds, as the consequence of this charge—"And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."* Dormer, from these words, attempted to defend the worship of the Virgin Mary; and this, apparently, with the most perfect sincerity. Perhaps he might not have chosen this subject as the first on which his young friend should hear him preach; but it was a part of a service he wished him to witness, and could not be avoided; and he attempted to prove his doctrine from the words of Scripture. The salutation of the angel to Mary—"Hail, highly-favoured!"† he said was evidently worship. But Ernest recollected that Christ had used the same form of salutation to his disciples after his resurrection, "All hail!"‡ And words implying still greater favour than the words "highly-favoured," had been addressed on three occasions to Daniel:—"Thou art greatly beloved—O Daniel! a man greatly beloved—O man greatly beloved!"‖ David, also,

* John xix. 27. † Luke i. 28. ‡ Matth. xxviii. 9.
‖ Daniel ix. 23; x. 11; and x. 19.

had been called, "The man after God's own heart."* And Abraham "The friend of God."† Dormer therefore spent eloquence in vain, to prove, to one acquainted with the Bible, that such words implied worship.—Again, the words "The Lord is with thee," Dormer attempted to prove had the same meaning. But the same words are addressed to Gideon;‡ and those, "Blessed art thou among women,"‖ were said of Jael.

Though Ernest could not agree in any thing Dormer said on this point, still he felt no inclination to depart. At last he was rewarded for his long attendance. Elliston pronounced the words, "It is finished." And never in his life before had Ernest heard eloquence so powerful, as that by which Dormer clearly, and from Scripture, proved, that, at the moment these words were uttered, the stupendous work of redemption was finished. Ernest covered his face with his hands, that he might see none of those degrading appeals to the senses, by which the powerful preacher was surrounded. When he again raised his eyes, on Dormer's concluding, the darkness was dispelled. The congregation still knelt; and, as if to do away the impression produced by the Scriptural and instructive truths he had just uttered, Dormer began to repeat rapidly some Latin prayers, while his fine and

* Acts xiii. 22. † Isaiah xli. 8.
‡ Judges vi. 12. ‖ Judges v. 24.

expressive countenance, which had been lighted up by the deep feeling of those important truths, gradually sunk into an expression of the most excessive exhaustion and languor; and Ernest, supposing the service near a close, softly left the gallery, and, deep in thought, bent his steps homewards.

"What a mixture of error and truth!" thought he, as he slowly crossed the park. "How fatally dangerous to give up the soul to any doctrine taught only by man! That Dormer!—who could resist his eloquence, were it always on the side of truth? And that man, with such powers to attract and win the soul and affections, instead of devoting those powers to proclaim the message of God—the Gospel—His mercy and glory whom he calls his Master, bends his soul to the wretched unprofitable slavery of rhyming over a list of prayers not understood by the starving immortal souls who wait on his lips for instruction. Oh! if the Romish clergy would throw their idols, and their vain repetitions, to the winds, and preach as that man did this day! Not once in the year—not mingled with the poison of error—But all—all their system is so hopelessly full of error!" Ernest groaned aloud—and then almost smiled at his own feelings. "But that system," thought he, "powerful, complicated,—so sanctioned by a mixture of truth as to make the thraldom of the soul a thousand-fold more hope-

less; that corrupt system shall one day be destroyed by the brightness of His coming, who is 'Truth.'"

Several days passed without any further intercourse between the two families. During that time Elliston left the castle, and Dormer took his place as chaplain.

In the Romish church, as well as in the Protestant, there are those amongst the clergy who, though they profess to believe the same creed, and are admitted into orders by the same forms, yet whose influence over their flocks, putting out of the question all mere external powers of attraction, is altogether different. The one leaves his people unimpressed, and at ease, in the most careless state of worldly-mindedness. The other rouses, and alarms, and forces those under his charge to remember they have souls which must live for ever. Poor old Elliston was of the first description: Dormer was of the last. All his arrangements as chaplain, and, in fact, as guide and ruler, at Hallern Castle, convinced every inmate of the family that the strictest discipline of his church should be enforced. The young master of the family was prepared to second all his wishes. Had he not been secure of this, Dormer, dearly as he loved him, would not have been permitted by his Order, who well knew his powers, to bury himself in the family of the half-ruined Claren-

hams. But England was too valuable ground to be deserted, and too cultivated to be any longer trusted to priests of the common order; and the only way, at that period, open to the church of Rome, was to insinuate her doctrines into the knowledge, and attention, and good will of those amongst whom she could find means to place her clergy. It was at that time well known, that the end principally proposed by the Order of Jesuits was to gain converts to the church of Rome, with which view they had dispersed themselves in every country and nation; and, with unceasing industry and address pursued the end of their institution. No difficulty was considered too great for them to overcome—no danger too imminent for them to meet—no crime, in the service of their cause, of which they were not considered capable. The professed fathers of this Order take the three solemn vows of religion publicly; and to these add a special vow of obedience to the head of the church, as to what regards missions, heretics, and other matters.

Dormer was a professed father of this Order; though the abhorrence in which the society was at that period held in England led the Clarenhams to conceal the circumstance where it was possible. Other members of the Order were placed in English families; and also a superior or provincial, through whose means there was continual, direct, and rapid intercourse with their

General at Rome. All this was but partially known, even to the Catholic families where those priests resided; but their system of proselyting was zealously pursued, and every impediment attempted to be taken out of the way, while their well-laid and cautious plans were carefully concealed; and it was scarcely known that any confessor in any family, did more than the simple duties of his humble station.

Frequent confession was one of those duties most strongly urged by Dormer; and, ere a week had passed, after old Elliston's departure, each member of the family, except Maria, had confessed to him. Maria confessed not—neither did she join in that admiration of Dormer's sanctity, which was the constant theme in her family whenever he was not present: neither did she listen to him as an oracle when he was: and though she saw that he carefully sought an opportunity to converse with her alone, she, with equal care, avoided giving him one. She was not insensible, however, to the energy and zeal with which he had commenced his care of souls, not only at Hallern Castle, but at the village, and wherever any one resided, however poor, or in the meanest hovel, in the neighbourhood. Dormer had already visited them all—appointed different houses, where the old and infirm, or sickly, might with ease come to him to confess. Particular times were set apart for one or other mode

of instruction in the Romish faith: in short, nothing was heard of at the Castle, or in the village, or amongst the cottagers, but the zeal and sanctity of the new chaplain. The extreme strictness of his personal devotion was guessed to be equal to his zeal for the souls of his flock,—but of this he made no display. It was known only to himself and to his God. No inmate of the Castle, however, though perhaps detained to a late hour out of bed, ever saw the light in Dormer's window extinguished; and the attendant who performed the few services he required, however early he offered them in the morning, found him already at study or devotion. Maria knew all this, yet still was grave and cold when appealed to by the other members of her family, to join in praise of Dormer. Her mother ascribed this coldness to her grief at parting from her old friend Mr. Elliston: but Dormer seemed to judge more truly; and seeing all his efforts to obtain a private conversation fail, at last, in his usual manner of gentle, but calm authority, said one morning, as the family were retiring from the breakfast room, and Maria had inadvertently remained the last: "Daughter, I must beg of you to allow me a few moments' conversation with you."

Maria stopt, and became as pale as death.

"I feel rather surprised, Miss Clarenham," said Dormer mildly, but with great seriousness,

"that, of all the souls committed to my charge at Hallern, you should seem most careless of those things necessary to your salvation. I cannot feel that I am fulfilling my duty here, unless I warn you of the danger of such carelessness. I must ask you, daughter, whether you confessed to Father Dennis immediately previous to his leaving the Castle?"

"I did not, Father. I intended to do so, but always found him engaged with some one else at the time I wished to confess."

"Strange!" said Dormer. "Surely Father Dennis"—he stopt—then asked how long it was since she had confessed?

Maria hesitated. "Not for a very long time, Father. The truth is," added she, a little recovered from her alarm at finding herself at last compelled to have a private conversation with Dormer,—"the truth is, Father, that I have ever had the greatest repugnance to confession. I could scarcely overcome it with good old Father Dennis, whom I regarded as a parent."

"That repugnance is sinful, my daughter; and, like other sins, the more you indulge it, the more difficulty you will find in subduing it."

"But, Father, if I confess my sins to God?—He only can pardon them."

"God pardons those in his church through the medium of his priests, daughter. The church says expressly—'A penitent person can have

no remission of sins but by supplication to the priest.'"

"Does the Bible say so, Father?"

Dormer looked surprised, but said mildly—"I am not in the habit of hearing it asked whether the Church is supported by any authority in its decrees but its own."

"But if the church decrees what is contrary to the Bible?"

Dormer looked still more surprised. "You are on dangerous ground, daughter. I have suspected that some serious error withheld you from attending to your Christian duties. I now perceive the cause of your unwillingness to confess; but beware, my daughter, of suffering your heart to be hardened by unbelieving thoughts regarding the power of the church. Remember that Christ himself said to his apostles,—'Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted;' and also, 'whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' That power is still in the church; and how awful must the state of that person be, on whose own guilty head the church retains his sins."

These words, but still more the solemn tone in which Dormer pronounced them, made Maria cold all over, and her limbs tremble.

Dormer perceived the impression his words had made, and continued: "How dangerous, my daughter, is the very first step in error! Some enemy of the truth has sown the poisonous seed

of unbelief in your heart. I have seen you, daughter, delighted with the cavils of a heretic. I have seen you turn looks of contempt on the pictures of those saints who now reign in heaven: and, last of all, you have scorned the ministrations of the priest commissioned by the Church to teach you the way of life. Daughter, you ought to tremble."

Maria, however, trembled no longer; but looking at Dormer with an expression of restored calmness and elevation—"That enemy of the truth, father," said she, "who has sowed the poisonous seed of unbelief in the power of the church, in my soul, is the Bible! Those words of the heretic, to which I listened with delight, were words from the Bible; and knowledge of the Bible has taught me to look with contempt on those pictures—those idols which the Bible has forbidden: and I have not confessed to a priest, because there is no command in the Bible to confess to a priest; and because the Bible says none can forgive sins but God. Those apostles, to whom Christ imparted the power of remitting and retaining sins, also received the Holy Ghost, by whose power alone they always professed to act, and by whom they wrote those Scriptures, by the belief or disbelief of which our sins are still remitted or retained."

The exertion of making this confession almost overpowered Maria, and she sank, pale and trem-

bling, on the nearest seat. Dormer did not utter a word; but after looking for a moment or two at her agitated countenance, turned from her, and walked slowly, and appearing unconscious of what he did, towards a window, where he stood for some minutes in deep thought. Maria also thought deeply and painfully. The consequences of the avowal she had made rose before her,—above all, her mother's sorrow: for well she knew how deep rooted her devotion was to the Romish Church: and she was on the point of intreating Dormer not to impart to her mother what she had revealed to him, when he returned from the window, to the place where she still sat.

"Miss Clarenham," said he, "are you aware of the terms on which you are considered the eldest daughter in your family?"

"I am, Father," replied Maria, "but confess I did not expect to hear *you* remind me of a circumstance so altogether worldly at this moment."

Dormer reddened.

"I know, Father," continued Maria, "that my uncle left his fortune to the eldest daughter of my father, provided that, on her coming of age, she declared herself a Roman Catholic.—I know that I must forfeit that fortune if I leave the church, or marry any but a Catholic, or at any time change my faith. I know all this, Father;

but the Bible says, ' What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' "

" True, indeed:" said Dormer emphatically. He then asked whether the Bible Maria had learnt so much from was an English one?

" It is," replied Maria.

" But you surely must know, Miss Clarenham, that the English Bible is so translated as to favour the Protestant heresy, with regard to those passages respecting which Protestants are at variance with the Church of Rome."

" I thought so, Father," replied Maria; and until Basil's return, I supposed those passages which seemed to me to give a character so different to the true Church, from that in which I had been educated, must have been changed by Protestants; but, since Basil's return, I asked him to translate some of those passages literally from the Greek, for me. He has also told me the translation of the church; but allowed, that, as far as he knew, the same words, when occurring in profane authors, were never translated as the church translated them."

" I should like to know some of those passages you mentioned to him?" said Dormer.

" I have mentioned several," replied Maria. " For instance, some of those which the church translates—' Do penance:' and from which our clergy assume the right of enjoining penances. The English Bible translates the word—' Re-

pent;' and Basil says, that is the universal meaning put upon the word, except by the church."

"It may," replied Dormer; "but the church, in her heavenly wisdom, has given a depth of meaning to that word which the common translation cannot convey. 'Do penance,' includes both the internal and external act of repentance."

"Very often only the external act, I assure you, Father," said Maria.

Dormer's thoughts seemed absent, while he now conversed with Maria. He looked half displeased, half sad.

"And so your brother has been your assistant in learning error?" said he at last, sighing heavily as he spoke.

"He has answered my questions," replied Maria, "but he is still devoted to the church."

"Still!" replied Dormer, fixing his eyes on Maria, as if to read her very soul; "but you hope he too will soon be perverted. You perhaps know of plans for his perversion, as there probably have been for yours."

"I know of no plan, Father," replied Maria, "but to induce you to read the Bible. That is my plan. O Father!" added she earnestly, "Surely that church must be in error which shuts up the word of God from the people."

"You are now intimate with the Protestant Bible, daughter," said Dormer. "Do you remember the words of Christ, 'Upon this rock

will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?' "

" I do, Father."

" Do you believe them?"

" Assuredly."

" Yet you seem disposed to be led astray by the errors of Protestants. Now, where was the Protestant church two hundred years ago? If the gates of hell never were to prevail against the true church, where had it vanished to for the fourteen hundred years before it came to light in the form of the Protestant Church?"

Maria hesitated, and then remained silent; for she could not answer the question.

Dormer stood patiently before her waiting for her reply.

" Father, I cannot tell where it was," said Maria.

" Neither can Protestants," answered Dormer; an expression of pleasure brightening his countenance. " And will you, daughter, lightly conclude that the Catholic Church can be in error—that church which has descended regularly from the apostles—which has been the mother of martyrs and saints innumerable! and against which the machinations of a thousand heresies have never prevailed?"

" Father," replied Maria, " You must be aware that in that *Church* alone, situated as I am, can I look for this world's happiness. My mother is

devoted to it. My whole family are so. If I leave it, I shall be without fortune. I shall be regarded in my own home as an alien from all they love and value in this world, and from the hopes of heaven. If you will convince me, Father, that ours is the true church of the Bible, I shall not cease to thank God for the day in which you were sent to Hallern: but though I cannot answer your last question, neither can I, at the command of the church, part with the Bible; for it is impossible for me to believe that the true church would prevent its members from knowing and searching the revealed word of God."

"The church does not prevent her children from knowing the revealed will of God, daughter; she only guides them, particularly the young and ignorant, into the right meaning of that will. Is it possible, daughter," added Dormer with extreme gentleness, "that you can suppose the meaning which you, almost a child, and almost on a first reading, put on the words of Inspiration, can be equally just with that which has been the result of the study of councils, and fathers, and martyrs of the church?"

"Perhaps I ought not, Father."

"Most assuredly you ought not, indeed, daughter."

"I shall then if you please, Father, consult you on those passages which do not appear to me to agree with what is taught by our church."

"Would it not be better for you, daughter, humbly to receive those instructions from Scripture, which the church thinks fit to impart to the young and weak in faith?"

"Father, you must allow me to think over this in private."

"I would indulge you, daughter, with pleasure, did I think it for your soul's good; but you have already trusted too much to your private judgment. That judgment has led you into much presumptuous error. Could I be performing my duty, as your spiritual father, if I left you to be further misled by it?"

"What then, Father, must I do?"

"You must return from the error of your ways, and again submit to the holy guidance of the church."

"I desire to do so," said Maria, breathing a deep sigh as she spoke.

"Not with your whole heart, I perceive, daughter."

"Father, you are permitted to read the whole Bible, as freely as you choose?"

"I am," replied Dormer. "Every priest is."

"And in reading it, Father, do you always find your judgment agree with that of the church?"

"I think, daughter, that question tends more

to the gratification of idle curiosity than to profit," replied Dormer, with some severity.

"No! no, indeed, Father!" said Maria earnestly, and her eyes filling with tears; "Nor would I care what answer some who are considered saints might give to my question; but if you would condescend to answer me, Father, perhaps I might attempt to do what you have found succeed with yourself."

Dormer seemed doubtful of complying with her request. At last he said gently, "I desire your confidence on religious subjects, my daughter. I begin to hope, too, that your errors have proceeded less from presumption, than from a real interest on the subject of religion, and an earnest, but ill-directed desire for knowledge. This desire is most natural, particularly in youth; but it is also most dangerous, if without an infallible guide. In answer to your question,—Priests do not receive permission to read the Scriptures freely, till they have sworn their belief respecting the proper interpretation of them. Every priest does so on his entering into holy orders; and also takes a most solemn oath, not only that he himself thus believes, but that he will maintain, defend, and teach the same to the people under his charge."

"And what is your belief respecting the proper interpretation of Scripture, Father?"

"I have sworn solemnly, that I do admit the Holy Scriptures, in the sense that holy Mother Church doth, whose business it is to judge of the true sense and interpretation of them. These are the words of the vow which every priest takes on this point."

"And if your judgment differs from the church, Father?"

"I know it errs, daughter, and seek earnestly to bring it into subjection."

"And does it ever differ?" asked Maria earnestly.

"But too frequently. Pride, and arrogance, and self-will, are too natural to every heart: but the church does not leave us ignorant of those methods by which such sins may be mortified and subdued."

Maria gratefully thanked Dormer for having answered her question; and then begged him to point out the course she ought to pursue.

"I think, daughter, in order to mortify that anxiety for knowledge, which has led you for a time to cast off the authority of the church, I must insist on your first delivering to me that English Bible, which you have so misunderstood as to wrest some of its passages, as 'the ignorant and unlearned' always do, to lead you into the path of destruction."

Maria started. All that Adeline had ever said to her on the necessity of keeping up the Scrip-

tures from the people, if their Priests would prevent their leaving the Romish Church, flashed upon her memory. Dormer, however, did not seem to observe her, and proceeded,—"I know not from whom you received that Bible; but those who are so anxious to distract the church, by introducing their heresies into her bosom, ought to show first their own title to the name of a church. But I shall know more of all this, daughter, when I receive your confession, which I shall be ready to do before mass to-morrow morning. And now," added he, gently, "do not detain me. I shall wait till you return, but must meet my poor people a quarter of an hour hence." He then turned away, and Maria left the room; and, hurrying to her own, opened her most secret depository, and from thence took her small Protestant Bible. This Bible she had got without the knowledge of any one—even of Adeline Montague.

There was in the village of Illerton a small shop, which contained a great variety of very heterogeneous goods for sale. This shop was kept by a Protestant, an excellent pious man: and the Rector of Illerton, and Dr. Lowther, took care that one part of it should be appropriated to a good stock of Bibles, which the man was directed to dispose of to whomsoever should wish for them, without asking any questions. Of this Maria had been informed by Adeline, and

soon after had written for a New Testament, and sent a half-idiot boy to fulfil her commission, she herself waiting for him as near the place as she dared venture to be seen. This had happened about a month before Dormer's arrival at Hallern Castle; and every spare moment since that time had Maria spent in reading this heavenly, but forbidden treasure. At first, she had done so with a feeling of guilt; but that feeling had soon given place to others of a far different character —to anxiety respecting the safety of her soul— to doubts which soon arose to certainty, that, if the word of God was truth, she had been educated in gross error. To love and adoration of that Saviour, of whom she read there all that was calculated to draw the sinner to trust his salvation simply, joyfully to Him—but of whom she had heard in her own church, as a Saviour indeed, and as the Son of God—but as a distant Saviour—One whose death had purchased, for those who were baptized, salvation from the sin of their natures, and grace, with which, if they used it aright, they might work out their own salvation,—a Saviour who would be more propitious, if approached through other mediators. Of all this she found nothing in the New Testament: and now these thoughts, and the character she had there found of that all-glorious Saviour, returned to her recollection with overwhelming force. She, however, could not stop. Dormer's

mild, earnest, sincere, and authoritative manner; and, above all, the confidence he had reposed in her, could not be resisted; and, taking the sacred little volume, she hurried back to the apartment where Dormer waited for her. The words of St. Paul to the Galatians, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed," returned to her recollection. "How, then," thought she, "dare any church preach things as matters of faith, so absolutely different from what St. Paul preached, as our church does?" Her hand was on the lock of the door as she thought thus; and, while she paused, she heard Dormer's step approaching within. He opened the door. "Daughter, I thought I should have been obliged to go before your return." He held out his hand for the Bible, saying, "Do not be late to-morrow morning. I may have much to say to you."

Maria put the Bible into his hand, saying in a voice almost inaudible from emotion, "Father, if I sin in parting with this, my sin must be on you."

"Fear not," replied Dormer, with extreme gentleness: "Humility, submission to the church, cannot be sin." He then put the little volume in his pocket, bowed, and left her.

Maria instantly hastened to her own room—locked her door—and, kneeling down in the

lace where she for some time previous had knelt
) read her Bible, she covered her face, and
urst into an agony of tears. She could not
ray, however; for Him to whom she had been
arning to pray, in the language and spirit of
ie New Testament, she had given up—had for-
aken. She had consented to deprive herself of
hat pure instruction, which she had learnt from
is own blessed word, and which she had felt so
owerfully effectual, and again to subject her
ind to the guidance of a fellow sinner. She
emembered the words of Christ, "In vain do
hey worship me, teaching for doctrines the com-
nandments of men;" and she recollected that
hose observances most insisted on in the Romish
:hurch, were only "commandments of men," and
vithout any authority whatever from Scripture.
Such was confession to a priest, on which Dor-
ner so determinately insisted. On this point
Maria had searched her New Testament with
the most persevering earnestness; and from its
beginning to its close, had found—not one pre-
cept—not one injunction—not one single word
on the subject. The only passage which seemed
even to have a reference to it, was the following
from St. James:—"Confess your faults, one to
another, and pray, one for another, that ye may
be healed;"*—and here no priest, no minister of

* James v. 16.

religion, was mentioned. The injunction was addressed to all believers. With regard to confession of sin to God, and His method of remission, all, on the other hand, was clear and simple. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."* —"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins."†—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."‡

As Maria remembered these words, they were a healing balm to her agitated spirit. She wrote them down, and recalling other passages to the same effect, wrote all she distinctly remembered; and now they seemed more than ever precious.

"I have sinned, grievously sinned," thought she. "How shall I approach that Holy God, whose word I have put away from me even when I was feeling its sacred power? I have an Advocate with the Father—an Advocate whom the Father heareth always—an Advocate who has himself suffered as a propitiation for my sins, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

* 1 John i. 8,9. † 1 John ii. 1. ‡ 1 John i. 7.

Maria was soon again on her knees; and, hile she confessed, and searched her heart, that ıe might not leave one sinful thought or wish nconfessed, she felt how suitable, how attrac- ve, how softening and purifying, that way of eturning to God was which he himself had ap- ointed;—how sweet the peace which followed:— ow calm and secure that state of mind in which od alone was exalted and glorified; and the inful spirit relying in love and confidence on his vord alone for his promised cleansing and for- iveness!—how wonderful the fulfilment of that promise in the taking away of the sense of guilt, and in restoring peace, and strength, and activity to the soul!

"Never shall I confess to any but God," said Maria, as she rose from her knees. She then sat down to write. "I must find an answer to Father Clement's question. I shall not again venture to converse with him. He is in the habit of ruling and commanding. He overawes me,—and yet he surely is sincere. He struggles to resist those doubts which rise in his mind. He believes, or seeks earnestly to believe, all he asks me to believe; and if *he* seeks to subject his powerful mind to what the higher teachers of the church impose, shall I dare to use my poor judgment?"

Maria was staggered by this consideration, till she again recollected some passages in her pre-

cious New Testament. It was *the poor* to whom the gospel was effectually preached—the poor in spirit. It was the *common people* who heard Christ gladly. The scribes and Pharisees, and teachers of the people, rejected Him. It was of them Christ had given that character which struck her as so forcibly applying to her own clergy—"They taught for commandments the doctrines of men,"—and, therefore, he pronounced their worship to be "vain!" It was they of whom Christ had said, "They made the commandments of God of none effect, by their traditions."* "O!" thought Maria, "if Christ was now on earth, what could he say more applicable to our church?"—She remembered, too, that Christ had returned thanks to God, "Because he had hidden those things from the wise and prudent, and had revealed them unto babes."

All these recollections, however, did not assist Maria in finding an answer to Dormer's question,—"Where was the Protestant Church two centuries before?" All her knowledge of history could not furnish her with this answer. She had, indeed, learned from thence,—though Elliston had, from her childhood, been the only person from whom she was suffered to receive books,—that her church had found it necessary to combat heresy by force of arms; and when she had

* Matth. xv. 6.

read St. Paul's words, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ;"*—when she read that description of St. Paul's method of warring with error, she could not suppress her feelings of indignant contempt for the empty pretensions of her own church, which, having no power from God to bring down strongholds, of what they called error, or to bring any thought into the obedience of what they called truth, fought *only* with carnal weapons to any effect, and made war only after the flesh,—yet she could not venture to meet Dormer on this ground. At last, after in vain attempting herself to find any answer to his question, it struck her, that though Dormer had said Protestants could not answer it, he could only mean, in such a way as to convince Roman Catholics; for, otherwise, so many good and sensible people could not remain Protestants. No sooner had this idea struck her, than she determined to apply to Dr. Lowther for a solution of her difficulty: and, full of this plan, she soon after, with a mind almost at ease, obeyed the

* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

summons to meet the other members of the family at dinner.

All stood round the dinner table, while Father Clement said rather a long grace, in a tone of voice and attitude of deep devotion—but it was Latin; and Maria ventured to thank God for his continued bounty, in her heart, and in the language in which she thought and spoke.

"I have not seen you all the morning, Maria," said Mrs. Clarenham. "Have you been visiting your cousins?"

"No, mamma. I have been in my own room all the morning. I have been very deeply engaged there. I shall, if you please, tell you regarding what at another time."

Maria glanced at Dormer as she spoke.

"Miss Clarenham has, I believe, been very properly engaged this morning," said Dormer.

"I rejoice to hear you say so, Father," said Mrs. Clarenham, looking affectionately at Maria.

That kind and confiding look brought tears into Maria's eyes, and it was with difficulty she could swallow what she had taken on her plate.

Dormer seemed to observe her emotion, and changing the subject, soon attracted every one's attention away from her. She felt grateful to him; but this rather added to the difficulty she felt in overcoming the saddening thoughts which crowded on her mind. Dormer's conversation, however, increased in interest; and, at last, she

completely forgot all other subjects while listening to him. He seemed particularly anxious to gain her attention; and though there was, as there ever was, a constant something in his manner, and in all he said, which reminded others that he was of a different class of beings, so to speak, separated from common feelings, and common sympathies; and also that he expected, as a matter of course, to guide in all opinions which were in any way whatever connected with religion,—yet, on this day, he was so unusually cheerful—so animated—and discovered so much skill in drawing those he addressed into interesting and agreeable conversation, that even Maria felt regret, when at last, with apparent reluctance, he rose to leave the circle, on discovering that the hour was come for one of his many ministrations amongst his poor.

"And I, too, am forgetting an appointment," said Basil, "and also a message to you, Maria. I promised to spend this afternoon at Illerton; and also to persuade you to accompany me."

"I shall go with the greatest pleasure," said Maria, joyfully. She glanced at Dormer, and saw that the expression of his countenance immediately changed.

"I think Mrs. Clarenham regretted your absence all the morning," said he gently.

"Yes," replied Maria, hesitatingly.

"Oh, do not mind me, my love," said Mrs.

Clarenham. "Catherine is at home. I shall not miss you."

"I do not wish to go; only wait, dear Basil, till I write a few lines to Adeline—that will do much better," said Maria. "I shall return with my note in an instant."

Dormer opened the door to let her depart; and, as she passed, said, "You will not regret this self-denial, daughter."

"Oh, Father, I am not acting from the motive you suppose," replied Maria earnestly. "I would not deceive you, Father, for a single moment. I am not in the state of mind you imagine." And she hurried past him to her own apartment, and there wrote to her friend:—

"I intreat you, dearest Adeline, while Basil is with you this evening, to request Dr. Lowther to write a short, but strong reply for me to the following question,—'Where was the Protestant Church two hundred years ago?' Tell dear, excellent, kind Dr. Lowther, that I venture to intrude on his precious time to give me this answer, because I have learnt from the Protestant Bible, that a minister of Christ is instructed by his Lord to be 'patient, and apt to teach,'—and I am sure he is a true and faithful servant of his Divine Master.

"Ever yours, M. C."

Maria delivered her note to Basil, and took his promise that he would not return without bringing her an answer.

When again left with her mother and Catherine, they began, as usual, to praise Dormer.

"Surely," said Mrs. Clarenham, "we shall all have much to answer for, if we do not benefit by the instructions of a spiritual director so highly gifted."

"Maria seems at last to have discovered his merits," observed Catherine; "and he seems wonderfully anxious to obtain her regard and confidence." Catherine said this with some displeasure of manner.

"A good shepherd tries to make the fold pleasant to all his lambs," said Mrs. Clarenham, soothingly.

"And those poor lambs, who already love it, and have given up all for it, must be satisfied without the kindness of the shepherd, I suppose," replied Catherine, indignant tears starting into her eye.

"Catherine! my love! Is it possible you can feel any thing but pleasure in seeing Father Clement's anxiety to gain that place in your sister's confidence which has hitherto been possessed by Father Dennis? He cannot disapprove of her regret at parting from her kind old confessor. He knows you have been less at home, and were, consequently, less attached to our good old

friend; he has, therefore, found no difficulty in supplying his place to you. Surely he is most right and kind in trying, by such winning gentleness, to lead your sister to confide in him as the guide of her soul—the appointed shepherd over his little persecuted flock."

"Ah," said Maria, "he is a poor shepherd for souls, who has not love, and attention, and kindness enough to satisfy all the flock. Dear mamma—dear Catherine—there is but one Shepherd, who is *infinite* in all these—infinite in love—infinite in compassion—infinite in tenderness—infinite in power—ever present. Surely, surely, mamma, we Catholics subject our minds too decidedly to the guidance of our fellow-sinners?"

"Fellow-sinners!" repeated Mrs. Clarenham with astonishment. "We do not subject our minds to the guidance of sinful men, my love, but as they are ordained and commissioned by that church which cannot err. It is to the church we submit, my dear. You seem getting into strange errors."

"And what is the church, mamma, but a number of men and women, redeemed by Christ, and prepared, by His sanctifying Spirit gradually overcoming their sinful natures, to abide for ever with Him?"

"Well, my love, allowing it to be so?"

"Well, mamma, how can any of that sinful number be infallible?"

"They are not infallible as individuals, my dear, but from situation. Infallibility was bestowed on the rulers of the church by Christ, and does not depend on the character of those who fill the situation."

"Do not the rulers of our church appeal to Scripture for the truth of all that, mamma?"

"Assuredly, my love."

"But, Mamma, did it never strike you, that it looks very like a system of—what shall I call it? deception—a design to keep up something they are conscious they have no very plain authority for in Scripture, their making it a point of conscience that none but priests—none but those whose interest it is to keep up the delusion, shall read, and judge of those Scriptures on which they pretend to build their authority?"

Here Catherine rose from her seat. "Mamma, may I ask your permission to retire?" said she, formally. "It is painful to me to hear Maria talk in that manner."

"You had better put me right, then Catherine," observed Maria, smiling.

"No," said Mrs. Clarenham, "we shall leave that to Father Clement—and you need not leave the room, Catherine, for such conversation is also very painful to me. I have had too much of it to-day. Basil talked in the same strain to

me for more than an hour before dinner. One or two conversations with his cousin, Ernest Montague, seems to have regained to him that influence over the mind of your brother, which he had so completely established when they were boys; and to do away which I consented to be separate from my only son for five years. What may happen next I dread to think."

"Do you mean on the subject of religion, mamma?" asked Maria.

"Certainly, my dear. On what other subject could I dread Ernest Montague's influence? On every other point, I know of no young man who bears so high a character—one at least which I consider so."

"Perhaps the ascendency you mention, mamma, is the ascendency of truth over error!"

"You pay a compliment to my judgment when you say so, certainly, Maria," replied Mrs. Clarenham. "I, too, have a very dear friend, who is a Protestant. Often, often have we discussed, and argued, and differed, but never has Protestant truth overcome my Catholic errors. I hoped my children would have been equally steady to their faith—I begin to dread the reverse."

"Mamma, may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly, my love."

"Is there a single individual, Catholic or Protestant, in the whole circle of your acquaintance, whom, putting her religion—the principle from

which she acts, out of view—you think, in every point, more truly good and amiable than Lady Montague?"

"I will answer you at once, my love: there is not. And I will not ask you to put her religion out of view, for Lady Montague's character could not be what it is on any other principles than those of the Christian religion. Humility—that is, a real, ever-present sense of unworthiness and weakness; earnest, devoted love to God her Saviour; and a singleness of purpose to do His will, and seek his glory in all she does,—are the leading and principal features of her character, and become more and more so every day."

Here Catherine rose and left the room.

"Your sister loves not to hear me thus praise a heretic," continued Mrs. Clarenham; "but I cannot in justice answer your question otherwise."

"And, dear mamma, may I ask you one other question?"

"Whatever you will, love."

"Do you really believe, then, mamma, that Lady Montague, loving God so devotedly—so humbly trusting in Christ—so single-hearted in seeking to obey Him—so kind to all—so unboundedly charitable to the poor,—do you believe that, because she cannot, when she reads the Scriptures for her herself, perceive those grounds on which our church claims to be the only true and infallible church, and therefore re-

jects her pretensions, and will receive no doctrines, taught by her, which she finds not in the Scriptures—do you believe that, for thus closely adhering to the revelation from God, she will perish for ever?"

"I hope, my dear, that, before she is called to another state, she may be led to see her error, in this, and return into the bosom of the true church."

"But if not, mamma."

"My love, you will believe me when I tell you, that, respecting one I so dearly love, I have often, often anxiously attempted to find an answer to that question. Father Dennis always evaded giving me a direct one, which I knew proceeded from his unwillingness to pain me, but which plainly showed me his opinion. I have already consulted Father Clement on the subject. He read to me the decision of the church on this point, which is, that there is no salvation out of the Roman Catholic faith. He would not enter into the subject farther. To him it seemed extremely painful; and he urged me not to seek to draw aside that veil which God had, in mercy, placed between us and the future, but to pray earnestly and perseveringly for my friend, and leave the rest to God."

"But, dear mamma, it is not God who draws that veil over the future, on a subject so interesting and momentous. The word of God says ex-

pressly, that those who believe in Christ shall never perish; and St. Paul exhorts those, whose friends have fallen asleep in Jesus, not to mourn as those who have no hope—for, 'When Christ shall appear, they shall appear with him in glory.' And the possession of that 'faith which worketh by love,' is the only character given of that person's state, who, in the New Testament, is considered a child of God. Indeed, indeed, mamma, our church teaches many painful things which are not contained in the Bible."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Clarenham affectionately, "I intreat you to guard against that self-sufficiency so natural to young people. You have learnt a few passages of Scripture from your cousins, and suppose you are now capable to judge of matters the most profoundly difficult and mysterious. Open your whole mind to Father Clement. Have no reserves with him in spiritual matters. You will soon learn, my love, that you are a mere babe in knowledge. But we shall speak no more on this subject."

Maria submitted with reluctance to this prohibition, for no other subject had now any interest for her; and the time seemed unusually long, while, with her thoughts constantly returning to it, she attempted to converse on other matters.

When the evening had nearly closed, she seated herself near a window to watch for Basil's

return; but though she continued straining her eyes, that she might see his approach from the most distant verge of the park—twilight, and then bright moon-light, succeeded, ere she saw any living creature cross the lonely distance. At last two figures slowly approached, their long shadows for a time leaving her uncertain whether there were not many more. They frequently stopped, and seemed in earnest conversation. They thus continued approaching, and then stopping to converse, till they were within a few steps of the house, when one of the two, after showing, by the energy of his gesticulations, that the subject on which they conversed had been of deep interest, shook hands warmly with his companion, and, turning back, hastened across the park. The other stood looking after him.

"It is Basil," said Maria, as she left the room to meet him, and receive the anxiously looked-for answer to her question from Dr. Lowther. Basil was slowly coming up the steps, as she opened the hall door.

"How late you are, dear Basil. Have you brought an answer for me? Who was that who came so far with you?"

"I have brought an answer—It was my friend—it was Ernest Montague who came with me. Here is your answer."

Maria eagerly took it, and retired to her own

apartment. It was a large packet; and, on opening it, she found a note from Adeline—a letter from Dr. Lowther—and a New Testament.

Maria melted into tears on opening the last. It seemed as if it had been sent by a forgiving God; and she instantly knelt down, and returned her ardent thanks—then carefully depositing it where she had kept the one she had given up, she opened Dr. Lowther's letter, which was as follows:

"Do not ask, my dear Miss Clarenham, where the *Protestant* Church was two hundred years ago, but ask, where is to be found the character of that church which God himself has declared to be the true church—that church, which in spirit and in truth worships Him. The true church, my dear young lady, must ever bear one and the same character. God has not left us without ample means to know what that character is. His Spirit has, in the Scriptures of truth, most plainly described it: and though various denominations of men assume to themselves the exclusive claim to it, that description of the character of those who alone compose it is still the same, and will try all pretensions at that day when each of us shall stand at the judgment-seat of Christ.

"Protestant, my dear young lady, is merely a name which was attached, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, (1529,) to those Christians

who protested against the unscriptural corruptions of the Church of Rome. Such witnesses for the truth have existed ever since it was first preached; and the apostate Church of Rome has the blood of thousands, and tens of thousands, of such to answer for, at the great day of account: Yet that fallen church, with the whole power of which she was once in possession, has not prevailed against the truth.

"I know, my dear Miss Clarenham, that the question you have applied to me to answer is made a difficulty, by the Romish clergy, in the way of those who begin to perceive the want of Scripture authority for many of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Her priests cannot procure authority from Scripture: they therefore appeal to tradition and antiquity, and thus, in many cases, find a short and easy method to stop all further inquiry. For what a task presents itself, if it is necessary, before deciding on this important point, to get acquainted with the controversies of fourteen centuries. To a female this is impossible. I think very few words will be sufficient, however, to convince you how weak that religious cause must be, which grounds its chief claim on antiquity. If antiquity be a proof of truth, the pretensions of Mahomet are just about the same antiquity with those of the Bishop of Rome to supremacy over the other Christian churches. Both began in the seventh century;

nd the superstition of Mahomet is of far higher ntiquity than many of the doctrines now taught s a part of the creed necessary to salvation by he Romish church. The mass and purgatory re two of those lately-discovered doctrines.

" Again: If numbers, unity, and power to sup- ress, by persecution to death, the profession of different belief, proves that any set of men are n possession of the truth, all these can, in a reater degree, be claimed by the followers of Mahomet than by the Church of Rome. How bsurd, then, is it, to claim the character of the rue church, on grounds so altogether unsub- tantial, and which may equally be urged by the vorst systems of delusion! How much more bsurd, when those very Scriptures, on which the Romish Church rests her first claim to the very haracter of a church, are in the hands of those who oppose her apostasies and corruptions, and prove their accusations from those very Scrip- tures, while she finds it necessary to her very ex- istence to prevent her people from reading those Scriptures.

" Your spiritual guide will probably tell you, my dear young lady, that the Church of Rome has transmitted the truth in a direct line from the Apostles, particularly from St. Peter, who, he will tell you, was Bishop of Rome, and imparted the power he received from Christ to his succes- sors,—the Bishops of Rome. Protestants allow

none of all this. They even deny the Romish Church to prove that St. Peter was ever bishop or pastor at Rome: and Protestants, my dear Miss Clarenham, are quite as learned, and as capable of discerning the truth, as Roman Catholics are.

"Perhaps I ought to remind a Catholic, that there is but one way of coming to the truth on such points—that of historic evidence. The Romish church no longer ventures to appeal to miracles in arguing with Protestants. Such deceptions are now confined to convents, or to the most ignorant of their own people. On this historic evidence, Protestants firmly deny that the Church of Rome has for many centuries,—and, on the knowledge of its present state,—that it does now, bear any resemblance to the primitive church; and, in proof of this, appeal only to the account of the primitive church in the New Testament: and the clergy of the church of Rome subject themselves to strong suspicions, when they refuse their people the right of judging of their pretensions by that rule. Protestant clergy desire to be judged by no other.

"You must, I think, my dear Miss Clarenham, perceive in what very different situations this places the Protestant and the Popish pastor. The Protestant teacher appeals,—for the truth of all he inculcates, for his title to demand your belief, and for authority to demand your obe-

dience,—to the word of God. The Popish pastor appeals only to the authority of his church, or of the Scriptures as explained by that church. And what is the church according to a Roman Catholic priest? Ask your spiritual guide this question. He may not, however, choose to tell you, that whatever unity may be demanded from the people with regard to the reception of those doctrines which the rulers of the Romish church have agreed to impose upon them, there is no unity amongst those rulers themselves regarding the answer to the question—Where does the authority and infallibility of the church of Rome reside? Some of the clergy assert that it resides in the Pope; others in general councils approved by the Pope; and others, in general councils, whether approven of by the Pope or not. But to prove that the rulers of the Romish Church do not themselves really believe that infallibility resides in any of these:—Popes with councils have rejected the decrees of preceding Popes with councils: Popes without councils have done the same; and also councils without Popes. Yes, my dear Miss Clarenham, this undefined infallibility, this imposing delusion, is what your spiritual guide asks you to subject your mind to instead of those Scriptures which all your clergy allow to be a revelation from God. Read these Scriptures, my dear young lady: Read them for yourself. They are not addressed only to the

learned. Were they so, a very large number of those priests of the Romish Church, to whom the guidance of souls is committed, ought to be excluded from their perusal; for any well educated person,—your brother, Mrs. Clarenham, you yourself,—are, I am sure, far better informed than many of them are. Do not be imposed on by high-sounding pretensions. Were you, my dear Miss Clarenham, really and intimately acquainted with the Bible, and had imbibed its pure and unearthly spirit, the whole structure of the Church of Rome would appear to you, as it does to all Bible Christians, a system of the grossest worldliness, supported by earthly power, —made attractive by earthly splendour,—governing by earthly means,—holding out earthly lures to the ambition of its ministers; and, the higher they attain in its rank, surrounding them with more and more of what is altogether earthly, until at last they reach that pre-eminence of gross earthliness, where we find him, who styles himself the head of the Church, the vicar of Christ, the representative of Him 'who had not where to lay his head,'—in the most gorgeous of palaces,—the representative of Him 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' surrounded by all that painting and sculpture can represent, addressed to depraved sense,—all that heathen art could do to clothe in attraction the crimes of their idols, or the real abominations of men

whom they had deified. Thus surrounded, the head of the Romish Church reigns over her; and is regarded by Bible Christians as the most deplorable of all self-deceivers,—as the weak instrument of the prince of darkness,—or as the most profane and audacious of charlatans.

"I inclose you a New Testament. Remember, my dear young lady, that every word in it was inspired by God. The way of salvation revealed in it is the only way revealed by God. It is a plain way: search it yourself. Search first for any commission given by Christ to his Apostles, or by those the Apostles appointed to succeed them in feeding the flock of Christ, by which they are directed to withhold the Scriptures from the people; and when you find St. Peter,—he whom your church unscripturally exalts above his brother Apostles,—when you find him saying to those to whom he addressed his first epistle, 'As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby;'—judge yourself whether your spiritual guide holds out the same nourishment for your soul. You have only to ask yourself this question, 'Shall I trust God's own word, as it was written by His inspired servants, to direct me to the knowledge of His character and will: or shall I rather trust to the word of my priest, who tells me he gives me the right meaning of the word of God, but will not allow me to read

it for myself, neither can tell me satisfactorily where that infallibility of interpretation resides on which he insists that I shall rest the salvation of my soul?

"I intreat you earnestly, my dear Miss Clarenham, to pray to God that He may enable you to make the right choice. I shall join my prayers to yours, that He may enable you to make that choice which is agreeable to his will, and give you strength to abide by it. I commend you to His love and guidance. 'He loves those who love Him;' and has promised in His word, that 'those who seek Him early *shall* find him.' Your sincere friend,

"THOMAS LOWTHER."

Maria read this letter quickly, but with deep attention; her resolution, after finishing it, was soon taken. "I shall certainly not confess," said she; and instantly wrote to Mr. Dormer:—

"Forgive me, Father, if I led you to suppose I meant to meet you at confession to-morrow morning. I cannot. I must do what appears to me the will of God, whatever follows. I ought also to inform you, that I have, I think providentially, received another New Testament. I wish not to deceive you, Father. Oh that you would yourself instruct me from that sacred source!

"MARIA CLARENHAM."

It was so late when Maria finished this note, at she every moment expected to hear the ll ring for evening prayers. It did not, however; and she still had time to read Adeline's so:—

"I gave your request to Dr. Lowther, dear Maria, and he has just sent his answer to your rother. He tells me that he has sent you a New Testament. Dear Maria, will you read it? I intreat you do. You cannot, I am sure, otherwise understand what Dr. Lowther has written. O my dearest friend, how inconceivable it seems to me, that any one should know that there is a revelation from God! the Creator! the Preserver! the Judge of all! and yet rest satisfied without having read, and searched, and earnestly studied that revelation. David said of that small portion of it which existed in his day, that it was 'a lamp to his feet, and a light unto his path;' that 'it converted the soul, and made the simple wise;' that 'the words of the Lord were pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times;' and 'were sweeter than honey, and the honey-comb, and rejoiced the heart.' How much fuller and more precious is that revelation in our day!

"Forgive Dr. Lowther, dearest Maria, if he has said harsh things of your church. I am afraid he may; as he always, from principle, says

what he thinks the truth concerning it, to whomsoever he may mention the subject. Again adieu! dearest Maria. Ever yours,

"ADELINE MONTAGUE."

Maria had scarcely concluded this note, when the bell rang; and putting up Dr. Lowther's letter, and taking her note for Dormer, she hastened to the chapel.

Here all the family, and several of the people who resided near the Castle, were assembled. Dormer, with much devotion of voice and manner, read prayers for about half-an-hour. The people seemed to listen in the posture of worship: but with all, except Basil and Dormer, the heart and understanding were unemployed, for almost every prayer was in Latin. Maria's thoughts were most busily engaged, as probably those of all present were, except Dormer's and Basil's, by the subjects which had been most interesting before worship began.

At last the unprofitable service was finished, and all slowly retired from the chapel.

Dormer rarely joined the family after evening prayers. On this night, as he politely took leave of all, Maria put the note she had writtten into his hand, and hurried past, that she might avoid answering any question he might ask.

CHAPTER VI.

'Nè vogliate chiamare alcuno sulla terra vostro Padre; imperocchè il solo dre vostro è quegli, che stà ne' cieli." *Martini's Trans.*—Matth. xxiii. 9.

During prayers in the chapel next morning, Maria never lifted her eyes; and when afterards seated at the breakfast table, carefully voided meeting Dormer's looks. She, however, remarked that he was almost entirely silent. Basil, too, was unusually so; but he sat next to Dormer, and she dared not raise her eyes in that direction to read his looks. Mrs. Clarenham nd Catherine attempted to draw Dormer into onversation; but though his replies bespoke atntion to what they had said, and were in his usual ild tone of voice, yet they were short; and soon ne party sunk almost into silence. The instant at breakfast seemed concluded, Dormer rose, nd, after returning thanks in Latin, requested Mrs. Clarenham not to wait dinner, should he

be absent at the usual hour. He was going, h said, to Sir Thomas Carysford's and might b detained till the evening. He then bowed p litely to all, and left the room.

"Did you ever see any thing so grave as Fa ther Clement is this morning?" exclaimed Ca therine. "You really ought to ask him, mam ma, if any think painful has happened? Per haps some of the Carysfords are ill."

"Oh no," said Basil, "I am sure they are no Young Carysford passed the chapel while w were at prayers. Did you not hear the dogs?"

"I heard dogs, but how could I know the were his?"

"But I saw them from the side window," said Basil. "He galloped past, accompanied by Row ley Montague."

"Young Carysford naturally feels himself a home in our grounds," said Mrs. Clarenham, looking at Maria.

Maria rose and turned away. This was a painful subject to her. From her childhood it had been understood, in the families of Claren ham and Carysford, that when she should come of age, and, according to her uncle's will, de clare herself a Roman Catholic, she was to be, on his making the same declaration, united to the young heir of the Carysfords. While younger, the pleasure with which this union was always hinted at by her own family; the great respect

with which all the neighbouring Roman Catholic families regarded the Carysfords; the universal acknowledgment that they were the first family in the country of that faith; their large fortune and high connexions; and the superiority which the confessor in that family assumed over his brother priests,—had dazzled her young imagination, while the unceasing and indulgent kindness with which young Carysford was everywhere received; the interest and anxiety expressed by all concerning him as the future leader of their decreasing party, and their exaggerated details of whatever appeared promising to their cause in his character and conduct,—increased her pride, and gave her a feeling of self-exaltation in the prospect of sharing with him the distinguished place he seemed destined to hold amongst those whose regard she most highly valued. Now, when she looked forward to this hitherto-supposed happy lot, all was changed in her feelings. The prospect had lost many of its attractions; and Carysford's pursuits and character were gradually sinking in her esteem. Her thoughts on the subject, however, were confused and painful; and as it was, she supposed, still two years before she must decide, she generally got rid of them as soon as she could: and now seeing Basil about to leave the room, she followed him into the hall, and putting her arm within his,—

"My dear Basil, is there any thing the mat-

ter? Perhaps I can guess one cause for Father Clement's looking so grave;—but you—I hope nothing has happened to annoy you?"

"Yes—much, dear Maria." They walked towards the hall door, which was open, and a groom in attendance near it, with a horse for Dormer. "I have displeased Father Clement," continued Basil, "and if you knew what cause I have to love him, you would be able to judge how painful it is to me to do so."

"But is he so unforgiving?"

"Oh no, no. I have his forgiveness—his kindest affection—he is all gentleness and goodness to me, but I see I have deeply distressed him."

"How, dear Basil?"

"Let us go out, and I shall tell you all. You too, Maria, have grieved him."

Dormer himself at this moment approached. "Do not allow me to interrupt you," said he, politely, and, passing quickly, mounted his horse, bowed again with an expression of mild kindness in his looks, and then rode off.

We shall leave Basil to tell his story to his sister, and follow Dormer.

There is not, perhaps a greater contrast in any two states of mind where both are seeking to know and serve God, than between those of a thorough Roman Catholic and a Protestant. So great is the contrast, that it is not wonderful either should be unwilling to allow that the other does in-

leed worship acceptably, or love acceptably, or erve acceptably, the same God whom he loves nd serves. There are some points, however, in vhich truly pious Catholics, and truly pious Protestants, would they allow themselves to lis-en candidly to each other, would find they could igree. Each would acknowledge the deep, the profound awe, with which he regarded the character of that "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity." Each would allow, that, at times, his inmost soul trembled at the remembrance of his holiness—his justice—his power—his omniscience. Each would acknowledge, that, in his own eyes, he was utterly unholy: and conscious that, if God should enter into judgment with him, he could not answer for one of a thousand of his thoughts, his words, or actions. They would also find, that, to both, the character of God was infinitely, adorably attractive. That those very attributes, the remembrance of which made them tremble, still appeared to them altogether lovely and excellent, and that they esteemed the favour of this all-holy, all-just, all-glorious God, to be better than life. Thus far Protestants and Catholics, if really the children of God, are of one mind: but, in the solving of that most important of all questions—How is that favour to be obtained? or rather—How are apostate, fallen creatures, to be restored to that favour? their difference of opinion becomes almost irreconcil-

able. Thus far Dormer felt and believed, as every child of God at some period of his progress does; but at this point he became entirely Roman Catholic, and suffered much of what is frequently suffered by sincerely pious Roman Catholics, while labouring, as it were, "in the very fire," to *merit* that favour which Protestants, at least truly pious Protestants, believe, is bestowed only through the merits of Him who took the nature of fallen man, that He might, in that nature, and in the place of fallen man, fulfil that law men cannot fulfil, and "bring in for men an everlasting righteousness." This was not a doctrine taught by Dormer's church; and if at any time the comfort it was calculated to convey, to a mind agonizing under a sense of sin, flashed upon his, he would reject it as unauthorised by his church, and as a temptation of the enemy of his soul to lure him from the path of self-denial. *His* church taught, that it was in the power of fallen man himself to merit favour from God. She taught, that good works, done for the love of Jesus Christ, are available for the remission of sins—that they obtain from God an increase of grace in this life, and the reward of everlasting happiness hereafter. What these good works were she also taught. Fasts, penances, mortifications, repetitions of prayers;—such were the works by which Dormer hoped to attain to everlasting life. His church taught also, that it was

in the power of fallen apostate man to do even more of such works than were necessary for salvation: but Dormer's conscience demanded far more than he ever could perform. No mortifications, however strict, which he imposed upon himself, could prevent thoughts and wishes, which, when on his knees before a holy God, appeared to him altogether earthly and unholy. No penance, however severe, could prevent him from again, in some unguarded moment, giving way to the same feelings of pride or of ambition, or to the same indulgence of worldly dreams which his conscience had told him were unholy. No fast, however long, produced the spiritualizing effect he looked for. To him the gospel was no glad tidings. He did love Christ, ardently loved him; but, as yet, to him Christ was only his supposed Saviour: for he laboured constantly, and with a continual sense of unworthiness weighing down his spirit, to be his own saviour. The law, however, not of his church, but that law of God written on his heart, became more and more strict in its demands, the more he sought to obey it.

On this day, as in deep thought he proceeded to consult the Catholic priest who resided at Sir Thomas Carysford's—self-reproach embittered and saddened his spirit. Every neglect of which he had to accuse himself during all the time that young Clarenham had been under his tui-

tion, seemed to rise before him; and the fact, that five years' superintendence on his part seemed to have done so little, that a few hours' conversation with a protestant boy had done away its whole effect, filled him with the most painful and humbling sense of self-condemnation; while the disappointment of those sanguine hopes with which he had undertaken the spiritual guidance of the family at Hallern, depressed his spirit.

In this state of feeling Dormer was introduced into the presence of Mr. Warrenne, the Roman Catholic chaplain in Sir Thomas Carysford's family; and who, though unknown to be so, even to most of the Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood, was superior over all the Jesuit priests in that part of England.

Dormer was detained for a few minutes in an antiroom, till Warrenne's own domestic should usher him into the presence of his master; for no servant in the family was permitted to intrude into his privacy.

The priest's servant soon appeared, and silently, but with much respect of manner, conducted Dormer across a long passage into another apartment, and then respectfully motioning him to stop, advanced, and softly opening a door opposite to the one at which they had entered, just far enough to admit himself, closed it after him. In a minute or two he again appeared—

held the door open for Dormer, and softly closed it immediately after he had entered.

The apartment into which Dormer was conducted, was large and handsome, and furnished with massive splendour. At the farther end of it, near a door which was a little open, sat Warrenne on a large chair covered with crimson velvet. A footstool of the same rich exterior supported one foot; and a table, also covered with crimson velvet, stood before him, on which lay many books and papers.

Warrenne rose not on Dormer's entrance, but bowing slightly, addressed him with the air of a superior;—"Brother, I am glad to see you."

Dormer approached, and humbly kneeling before him:—"Father, I intreat your blessing."

Warrenne laid his hand upon Dormer's head, and rapidly repeated the usual benediction, then motioned to him to be seated on a plain chair near him.

"I wish to consult you, Father," said Dormer, humbly, "on a subject, regarding which I find my own judgment too weak to decide."

"Private? or regarding our order? or the church?" asked Warrenne, his quick eye and utterance seeming to demand a brief reply.

"The church, Father."

"Heresy?"

"I fear so, Father."

"Among the Clarenhams?"

"Yes."

"The lady or the young people?"

"The eldest son and daughter."

"The eldest son! your own pupil?"

Dormer reddened. "You know, Father, the cause of his being sent abroad. He had at that time imbibed heretical notions. The society of his Protestant cousin has again revived those notions; but Clarenham is greatly more devoted to religion now; and he will, I fear, ere long, determine to judge in this matter for himself."

"It must not be. Clarenham cannot be spared at this crisis. The example would be most injurious. Our interest in this part of England must on no account be lessened. I must hear more of this youth. A remedy suited to his temper must be discovered without delay." Warrenne here abruptly rose—kicked the footstool aside—and entered the room the door of which was open near him. In this room two young priests were busily engaged in writing. Warrenne rapidly gave directions first to one, then to the other—turned over one or two papers they presented to him—wrote like lightning his signature to some, and a cypher to others—then returned, and closing the door on the two priests, seated himself, with his forehead resting on his hand, and his dark penetrating eyes fixed on Dormer.

"Tell me the disposition of this youth, brother."

"Extremely amiable," replied Dormer with 'armth.

"Ardent?"

"No—gentle, modest, refined, delicate, fear-ıl of inflicting the slightest uneasiness—yet rm."

Warrenne was thoughtful for an instant—

"Is he thoroughly loyal to the cause of our xiled king?"

"As yet I think he is entirely so."

"And can you answer for his honour and fi-lelity?"

"I can unhesitatingly."

"And now, on what points has he been cor-'upted?"

"Principally with regard to private judgment n reading and examining the Scriptures."

"The most formidable of all—time for reflec-ion will only increase the evil. He must be em-ɔloyed in some affairs suited to his disposition—ınd, above all, he must be instantly separated from his Protestant relations. I shall think on this matter, and send you my instructions as soon as I have decided. Now, tell me of the daughter. Is it the one intended for the nunnery?"

"No, the eldest."

"Ha! the intended wife of Carysford! Brother Dennis ought to have been removed years ago. I dreaded that his partiality for those

children had weakened his zeal for the church. But this too must be stopped. Have you discovered the character of the girl?"

"She is uncommonly lively and acute, with a quick sense of the ridiculous; and appears to have an ungovernable disposition for inquiry. Her understanding seems very superior to what is usual in her sex, and she has much confidence in her own judgment. All her own family—the domestics—and those people around the castle, whom I have heard speak of her, seem to be ardently attached to her, and to regard her with great respect. To me she has always shown reserve and coldness."

"And what, think you, are her errors?"

"The same as those of her brother with respect to the Scriptures; but she has boldly become possessor of a New Testament, which he has not ventured to do. She has also refused to confess."

"Very bad—very bad. I must think over all this. I shall send you the result of my thoughts. In the mean time, brother, if possible, keep the young cousins apart. I shall now bid you good morning."

"Father, I wish to confess."

"Again, brother! Certainly, if you wish it." An expression of impatience passed over Warrenne's countenance. He, however, immediately retired with the lowly-minded Dormer, who,

kneeling before him, confessed, with sorrow and contrition, those earthly feelings, and sins of thought, which weighed down his spirit, but his sorrow for which appeared, to the ambitious and worldly fellow-sinner to whom he thus humbled himself, as the morbid result of a melancholy and too sensitive temperament. Warrenne, however, advised as a superior, and concluded by pronouncing the following absolution:

"God forgive thee, my brother: the merit of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of blessed Saint Mary, always a virgin, and of all the saints; the merit of thine order; the strictness of thy religion, the humility of thy confession, and contrition of thy heart; the good works which thou hast done, and shalt do for the love of Christ,—be unto thee available for the remission of thy sins, the increase of desert and grace, and the reward of everlasting life. Amen."

This absolution, repeated by Warrenne so rapidly as to be scarcely intelligible, was eagerly drunk in by Dormer, as that which was to lighten his soul of the load by which it was oppressed.

"You will pay a visit to the family, I hope, brother," said Warrenne. "Your first visit impressed them, and the friends who were present, very highly indeed in your favour, and has already produced two applications for chaplains from our order. It is of consequence that this favourable impression should be increased."

Dormer bowed his acquiescence, and then Warrenne rang, and left the room. His servant immediately appeared, and, at Dormer's desire, conducted him to the apartments occupied by the family.

The hour which Dormer had spent with his superior had been one of painful humiliation; the next was of a very different character. He was received by Sir Thomas and Lady Carysford with the utmost possible respect; and every word he uttered listened to as if he had been a messenger direct from heaven; and, as his gentle and conciliating manners won more and more upon their affections, their intreaties to prolong his visit became so urgent, that it was evening before he was again on his return to Hallern Castle.

Warrenne had joined the family at dinner, and appeared much pleased again to meet his brother, to whom his manner was then entirely changed. He indeed seemed altogether a different person. The quick, impatient looks, and rapid utterance were exchanged for manners and expressions of the most polished suavity; and, to domestics and common observers, Father Adrian only exhibited the character of the mild, affectionate, and indulgent chaplain. He, however, remained but a short time with the family, and Dormer had scarcely dismounted from his horse, on his return to Hallern Castle, when he was over-

aken by a messenger with a dispatch from his ndefatigable superior. The man, as he delivered t into Dormer's hand, said, in a low voice, ' secret." Dormer put the packet into his bo- om, and, after spending half-an-hour with the amily, retired to his own apartment, and broke he seal. The envelope inclosed the following directions written in a peculiar cipher :—

" Brother,

" You will, as soon after receiving this as you possibly can, prepare young Clarenham to proceed with secret and important communications to the court of the exiled king; and from thence to proceed, if necessary, to Rome. You may impart what your prudence suggests respecting the present state of affairs in Scotland; and rest the high confidence reposed in him on the expectations of the suffering but lawful party from the representative of the ever noble and honourable house of Clarenham.

" Also prepare Mrs. Clarenham to hear shortly of a communication from Rome, dispensing with that part of General Clarenham's will, in which he makes it necessary that his niece should be of age before her marriage; and an advice to bring about, without delay, a union between the houses of Carysford and Clarenham. I shall put matters here in such a train as will soon produce subjects of thought for the young lady, which I have

no doubt will be more attractive than religious controversy.

"In the mean time, avoid all religious discussions with the young Clarenhams; and your success in the part allotted to you, brother, in bringing back those stray lambs to the fold, may, I hope, be such as to confirm our belief, notwithstanding what has happened, in your zeal for the church."

The signature to these instructions was, to Dormer's surprise, in Warrenne's own hand.

These directions from his superior Dormer read again and again, with increasing uneasiness and alarm. About this period (1715) the rebellion in favour of the House of Stuart was on the eve of breaking forth, both in Scotland and in the north of England. Every Roman Catholic family, whether actually involved in this rebellion or not, ardently wished for its success. Priests of the same faith naturally felt deeply interested in the issue; and, from the constant and rapid intercourse which they, and particularly those of the order of Jesuits, maintained with the continent, it was ever found that intelligence was most expeditiously communicated through their means.

Dormer was perfectly informed respecting the preparations for this rebellion; and, had his superior directed him to proceed with any mission

in favour of the cause, he would have undertaken it with ardour, had it been at the hazard of his life: and he would even have offered himself in the place of young Clarenham, could he have entertained the slightest hope that his offer would have been accepted; but he was well aware that the real object of this mission was to give a new turn to Clarenham's thoughts,—to lead him from the study of religious subjects altogether,—and to involve him, while still under age, in what, were his party unsuccessful, might bring him to the scaffold; and the voice of that law written on Dormer's heart, which no recollection of the authority of the church for a time could stifle, declared the end to be daring and unjustifiable, and the means diabolical. But such thoughts Dormer struggled against, as full of guilt. He had solemnly vowed obedience to his church, and to regard her interests above all others. He had also taken a vow of obedience to the superiors of his order; and any feeling of reluctance to fulfil the vows seemed to him the abandonment of religion, and a criminal indulgence of his own unhallowed affections. This struggle was intensely severe. Young Clarenham's anxiety to submit to his guidance, which had induced him, notwithstanding his present apprehension that he was leading him into error, to refuse to read the Scriptures but with him,—all those amiable and endearing qualities, which, for the

"Father," said Basil earnestly, "do not impose any duty on me that you have any suspicion may excite a scruple in my conscience. You would not, if you knew the extreme pain it gives me to dispute your guidance in any point."

"The duty is not a religious one," replied Dormer—"but again good night. I wish not to enter on the subject till we can do it fully."

"If it is not religious," replied Basil, affectionately kissing Dormer's hand, "I am sure of having the happiness of doing as you wish."

Very early next morning, Basil was admitted to the small apartment where Dormer had passed the night without any sleep but what he had taken when quite exhausted, by lying down for two hours, without undressing, on the hard pallet which at all times was his only bed. He looked even more pale, and depressed, and worn out, than the night before. He was, however, perfectly calm, and immediately began the subject:—

"Clarenham, you still, I am persuaded, feel devoted to the cause of our absent king?"

"Still, Father! Most assuredly I do. Can you suppose me so base as to desert it?"

"I hope not: but you know that, in these days, many people, whom we considered good and honourable, have forsaken the cause of an unfortunate king."

"I understand you, Father; but I assure you

pon my honour, Ernest Montague—no Montague—or any person whatever, has come on the ubject with me since I returned to England."

"It is well," said Dormer; "for great deotion to the cause is expected, by the friends of he king, from the representative of your family, Clarenham."

"I think I shall not disappoint their expecations, Father, if devotion to the cause is all they ook for from me."

"Young as you are, then, Basil, you have been ixed upon to convey intelligence of great importance to the king."

Basil's countenance brightened up. "I shall ejoice to fulfil the mission," said he, ardently. 'But my poor mother,"—his looks saddened: "Is it wished that I should go immediately?"

"Immediately."

"Well, I am ready. I need not be long absent. But why, Father, did you consider this duty so painful? and, to you, why should it be painful to you?"

"Because it is accompanied with some danger to you, Clarenham. I have much to tell you: and, till you have heard all, do not make your determination."

Dormer then gave a sketch of the plan of rebellion, as far as he knew of its arrangement, carefully avoiding all allusion to the interests of the church; and only addressing those feelings

of loyalty and compassion to the exiled house of Stuart, which he perceived were now powerfully awakened in the warm heart of his young pupil. Dormer did so, from that determination to deny his own feelings, and sense of right, and to submit to his church, to which he had excited himself by the severe exercises of the night; and, as he proceeded, and observed his success, he alternately felt that he was acting the part of a devoted self-denying saint, and that of a deceiver and a murderer. The first feeling, however, predominated; and, amidst the conflict within, he preserved a perfect calmness of manner.

"I have but one thing further to suggest to you, Basil," said he at last. "I think it would be dangerous for you yourself to inform your cousins, the Montagues, of your intended absence. They might ask questions you would find it difficult to answer. Will you, then, if you wish to see them before your departure, do so without mentioning it?"

"I will. But, if I go soon, I need not see them again. Ernest is gone to Edinburgh, I suspect, on this very business. I thought something was the matter the last day I was at Illerton. The whole family was even more than usually kind to me; and Sir Herbert, though he generally treats me as a mere boy, reminded me that I was within less than a year of being of age, and that I already had a part to act which

night mark my future character and fate; and hat, in all I did, I ought to recollect that, whoever was my adviser now, I must bear the consequences hereafter."

Dormer rose abruptly, and turned away. "My watch," said he, after seeming to search for it,—'O, here it is, and it is not so late as I thought. I beg your pardon for interrupting you. Sir Herbert, I fear, must have got some intelligence of what is going on. Did he say any thing more which would now lead you to suppose so?"

"No. He only reminded me, in the kindest manner, of the nearness of our relationship, and intreated me to regard him, on every occasion, as one who felt for me as a father."

Dormer was silent for a few moments, then asked what had led his young friend to suppose Ernest Montague was gone to Edinburgh on the business he had mentioned?

"Because," replied Basil, "he told me it was to receive correct information respecting some very painful intelligence which had reached his father; but, as he did not tell me what that intelligence was, I supposed it of a private nature, and did not press him on the subject: but, after the religious conversation I have already mentioned to you, Father, I now recollect that he somehow led to the subject of civil war, and most strongly urged the misery and crimes that must ever accompany it; and the responsibility of those who, in any way

assisted in producing or promoting it." Ba looked thoughtful after this recollection, th said, "But our cause is so just, I cannot be tate. I am ready whenever my services a wished for. And now, Father, may I impo on you the painful task of informing my moth She will require to have the intelligence soften to her by the aid of religious consolations."

Dormer undertook this: and, before th mournful day had closed, he saw the widow mother, almost heart-broken, carried in a fai to her apartment, after having strained her ey to catch the last glimpse of her son, as he ro across the park, on his way to Sir Thomas C rysford's;—his sisters in the deepest grief; a that gloom again thrown over every countenan at Hallern Castle, which had been passing awa amidst the brighter hopes which had been i spired by the presence and engaging qualities young Clarenham.

Dormer had, early in the day, informed Wa renne of the promptness with which his youn charge had undertaken his proposed mission and had very soon received an answer, reques ing Basil's immediate presence; and saying, tha suspicions were already afloat; and that, unles he set out immediately, his going might be pre vented altogether. Lord Derwentwater (a leader i the rebellion,) was that day to be at Sir Thoma Carysford's, and, Warrenne said, wished to mee

th young Clarenham. The lure succeeded, d, though Basil's gentle nature was deeply ›ved by the grief his departure occasioned, ll he felt gratified by the confidence which he lieved was reposed in him, and attempted to ıd forward the hopes of his mother and sisters those brighter days which still awaited the ›use of Clarenham. "And, whatever happens," ded he, "this I feel assured of, that we shall ıve sufficient interest with our friends to secure e Montagues from any injury."

CHAPTER VII.

"Rispose Gesù, e disse: in verità vi dico, che non v'ha alcuno, il quale abbia abbandonnato la casa, o i fratelli, o le sorelle, o il padre, o la madre, o i figliuoli, o la possessioni per me, e per vangelo, che non receva il centuplo,—e nel secolo avvenire la vita eterna."

Martini's Trans.—Mark x. 29, 30.

WEEKS now passed away, and still Dormer's account of Mrs. Clarenham's state of spirits and health prevented Warrenne from hoping that any proposal regarding the speedy union of the houses of Carysford and Clarenham would meet with her approval. He had himself visited her several times, and had succeeded in exciting at least a feeling of gratitude in her gentle nature. At his desire also, Lady Carysford had urged Mrs. Clarenham and her daughters to pay a visit of a few days at the Park. This Mrs. Clarenham positively declined; and Warrenne was annoyed by discovering, that, though she thus shrunk from the society she would have met

ere, she seemed pleased and comforted by that Lady Montague and her daughter, who were equently with her.

During this period the rebels had appeared in ms, in the North of England, under Lord Derentwater and Foster, and troops were collecting meet them and defend the country.

At last, on some soldiers being quartered at allern village, and reports reaching Mrs. Clanham that others would soon be quartered at ie Castle, and alarmed by the accounts related her of their insolence and disorderly conduct, he yielded to Sir Thomas Carysford's urgent ntreaties to put herself and her daughters under is protection.

On the day after giving her consent to this roposal, Mrs. Clarenham, the very picture of orrow and depression, and her daughters, with ooks also full of anxiety and apprehension, left he Castle. Many of the villagers, having heard exaggerated reports of the danger which occasioned their departure, were gathered round the carriage which was to convey them away, and stood ready to add to their depression, by their affectionate, but sad and foreboding exclamations.

"Oh, our dear Lady! how pale she looks. Holy Mary bless her!" exclaimed some.

"Jesu Maria! could the Protestant wretches be so cruel-hearted as to hurt her, or the sweet young ladies?" exclaimed others.

"Blessings, blessings, from holy Mary and all the saints follow them!"

"We will defend the castle to the last," said the men. "We will not forget our kind young master."

"Oh, what will become of the poor now?" said some.

"Father Clement is to remain among you," said Maria kindly to the people. "You think too seriously of our going away. I hope we shall very soon return; and, in the mean time, Father Clement will let us know all about you."

"Blessings on you, dear Miss Clarenham. You always cheer our hearts. Blessings on holy Father Clement for staying with us."

Dormer raised his hand to motion silence, and in an instant the clamour ceased, and the old coach slowly drove away.

Mrs. Clarenham had determined, on her way to call at Illerton, herself to inform the Montagues of her removal to Sir Thomas Carysford's, and to take leave for a time of her Protestant but most beloved of all friends.

Sir Herbert and his lady were in astonishment on seeing Mrs. Clarenham; and still more so on her telling the cause of her leaving that retirement, which, a few days before, they would have regarded as the most painful exertion.

"Absurd!" exclaimed Sir Herbert. "Sir Thomas must know, that at present there is no

langer of more soldiers coming to this neigh-
ourhood. Those now at Hallern are to leave
t to-day. Lord Derwentwater has taken the
ield, and all the soldiers that can be mustered
vill be in requisition to meet him. And, at any
ate, my dear cousin, you would, at present, be
nuch safer with us. Why not remain at Iller-
on? The Carysfords are no relations. Matters
:annot go well with the rebels." (Mrs. Claren-
ham became paler than she was before.) "At
least," continued Sir Herbert, "it is time enough
to leave us when Sir Thomas can offer a more
sure protection."

"Let us leave my mother and Sir Herbert to
settle that matter," said Maria Clarenham, taking
her friend Adeline aside into one of those deep
recesses in which it was common at that period
to have the windows. "I wish from my heart,"
continued Maria, "that Sir Herbert had thought
of proposing our coming here some days ago;
but now it is too late. I have all along, Adeline,
suspected that exaggerated accounts were pur-
posely brought to us of the unsettled state of the
country around this, and of the bad conduct of
the few soldiers at Hallern."

"But why, dear Maria, should any one be so
cruel as to add to the sufferings of your mother,
—your dear, patient, gentle mother!" Adeline's
eyes filled, as she glanced at Mrs. Clarenham
while she spoke.

"I begin to suspect who could be so cruel," replied Maria indignantly. "I may perhaps think I see more than is to be seen; but I am greatly mistaken if that wily, inquisitive, domineering Warrenne, has not succeeded in sending one unsuspecting, noble-minded, dear dupe, out of the way of Protestant influence, and is now manœuvring, in a way he regards as equally secure of success, to involve another in irrevocable trammels. But he knows her not: at least I trust she now leans on a strength before which all his efforts will fall harmless. But, dear Adeline, I have a request to make to you. Dr. Lowther, you know, sent me a New Testament. It is the treasure and light of my heart and soul. But it has made me desire more light. The volume he sent me has a great number of references to other parts of Scripture on the margin of every page. Those references have been of the utmost use in teaching me to understand what I read. I have found that the Bible explains itself. A passage may seem so obscure in its meaning that you may read it,—at least I found it so,—over and over, and not be able to comprehend it, when, if you turn up a few other passages, it seems as light as day: but many of these references are to the Old Testament, and I have not been able to procure one. Will you, dear Adeline, bestow an Old Testament on me?"

"Will I? dear, dear Maria!" Adeline could

not speak for tears. "Come," said she at last, "I think Dr. Lowther must produce an Old Testament to suit the New one he sent you." "We shall return immediately," said Adeline to her mother, as she accompanied Maria out of the room. They then proceeded to the door of Dr. Lowther's study.

"But I cannot think of disturbing Dr. Lowther," said Maria, laying her hand on Adeline's, as she was about to knock at the door. "I shall pass on, and then, if we are interrupting him, he will less scruple to tell *you* so."

"Ah! you do not know Dr. Lowther," said Adeline, retaining her hand, and tapping gently at his door.

The Doctor's kind and cheerful voice answered by an invitation to enter.

"Well, my dear Miss Adeline, what is it?" asked he, without raising his head. A large Bible was before him, in which he seemed to be searching for some passage.

"Are you very busy, my dear Sir?" asked Adeline.

"Yes—very busy," replied the Doctor, in an absent manner, and glancing intently down one column, then another. "I am preparing my lecture for next Lord's Day, my dear; and there is a passage,—I am sure there is,—to the point, but it is not marked in my concordance, and I cannot find it."

"Do not let us disturb Dr. Lowther," said Maria earnestly, and drawing Adeline away.

The Doctor raised his head, and put up his spectacles.

"Miss Clarenham! my dearest young lady, I beg your pardon."

"I ought to ask your forgiveness, Sir, for this intrusion."

"No apologies, I intreat you, my dear Miss Clarenham," interrupted Dr. Lowther, taking Maria's hand, and placing her in a chair by him; then retaining her hand in both of his, and with the manner of the kindest father, "Can I be of any service to you, my dear young lady?" asked he. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

Maria's heart was full, and when she attempted to speak, she could not. Dr. Lowther turned to Adeline, who in a few words told her friend's wish.

Dr. Lowther was much moved. "It is the Lord's own work," said he emphatically. "O how pleasant it is to see the effect of his own powerful word upon the heart, without the intervention of human teaching! What is any teaching compared to that word applied by his Spirit? 'What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock to pieces?'* My dear young lady, may I

* Jer. xxiii. 28, 29.

sk, can you thus love God's word, and still join
ı the observances of the Romish Church?"

"I do not join in any observance, Sir, which do not think I find inculcated, or at least permitted, in the Scriptures. I have never confessd since I examined the New Testament on that oint. I attempt to pray now, but never merely epeat prayers. I regard the Virgin Mary as nly the most blessed among women, because he was honoured to be the mother of the human ature of my Lord; but think it idolatry to worship or pray to her, or to any of the saints; ut I still attend mass and the Eucharist," continued Maria, hesitatingly, and looking timidly at Dr. Lowther, "because, though I wish the prayers were in English, still I think the Catholic Church,—as I understand the Bible,—receives that great mystery more simply and literally than the Protestants do, who explain away what appears to me the plain doctrine of the real presence."

"We do not explain away the doctrine of the real *spiritual* presence, my dear Miss Clarenham; but we say, that nothing but what is spiritual or future is in the Bible made an object of faith. The Romish Church turns an object of sense into an object of faith; in other words, asks you to believe in the presence of a real substance—of real flesh and blood, contrary to the

evidence of your sight—of your touch—of your taste—of all your senses."

"But, my dear Sir, Christ says, 'This is my body.'"

"True, my dear Miss Clarenham; but when he so said, and distributed the broken symbol, his body had not been broken. He could therefore say so only in a figurative sense, as he is elsewhere designated 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'* But I do not wish to enter into controversy with you on this point. It is one on which the Romish Church builds so much error, while the people mingle with that error so much devotional feeling, that the heart is engaged in its defence; and many pious souls have left this world, I hope and believe for a better, with their heads in confusion on the subject, while their hearts were wholly devoted to that Saviour in whose merits they put their only trust for salvation. Only allow me to say a very few things to you on this point, which your own mind would naturally suggest, but which, from early impressions, you might regard as profane, though they can only be so if the doctrine is true; and I think they prove it to be false. You are, I know, my dear young lady, in your books of preparation for, and devotions at, and after

* Rev. xiii. 8.

receiving the Eucharist, exhorted to prepare your heart; and, as one of those books says, 'If you find your conscience defiled with any mortal crime, approach not this dreadful mystery till you have first purified it in the tribunal of penance: there it is the Apostle will by all means have you examine yourself before you partake of the Eucharist.' Are not such exhortations addressed to you, Miss Clarenham, both in the books given you by your spiritual guides, and by themselves?"

"They are, Sir, constantly; and I perceive how unscriptural the passage you have repeated is. I remember St. Paul's words, 'Let a man *examine himself*, so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.'* There is nothing said of penance,—no tribunal but that of the man's conscience before God. I have attempted to follow this direction before attending mass. Still, however, Sir, St. Paul adds, 'Lest, coming unworthily, he eat and drink damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.' Still, my dear Sir, the real bodily presence"——

"And how, my dear Miss Clarenham, do Roman Catholics *discern* the Lord's body in the Eucharist?"

"They all firmly believe that it is really there; and show that they do so by adoring the Host."

* 1 Cor. xi. 28.

"But, my dear young lady, discerning and believing are not the same. Discerning means discriminating, distinguishing between one thing and another; and, if you will read the passage attentively, and putting away, as much as you can, early prejudices, you will find that St. Paul was reproving the Corinthians for an improper observance of the Lord's Supper. They had partaken of it as of a common meal or feast. He says, 'For, in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper, and one is hungry, and another is drunken.' He then reproves sharply this profanation of the Lord's Supper, and reminds them of the real purpose of the institution, and warns them of the danger of not distinguishing between a common feast and that ordinance of the Lord, in which they were to show forth his death till he came—between that bread which was the symbol of the Lord's body, and that used for common food. But to return to your books of devotion: you are in them exhorted to remember, that, in the Eucharist, Christ becomes as it were incorporated with you, by giving you his flesh to eat; and you are taught, that the bodily presence of Christ in the communion is 'an extension of the incarnation.' Are you not, my dear young lady, taught all this?"

"Yes, Sir, constantly."

"And you are even told that you receive God into your heart?"

"Yes."

"Do not be shocked, my dear Miss Clarenham, when I point out the profanity of this absurd doctrine. Our Lord himself explains the meaning of the figurative language he had used, when he taught the necessity of believing in his incarnation, and of trusting to its efficacy, as the very support, food, nourishment of our souls. He says—'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.'* Our Lord here plainly declares, that all he had taught was spiritual; yet the Romish Church, disregarding this explanation of Christ, support this doctrine of a literal presence by those very words which our Lord Himself has declared he meant spiritually; and which, he said, when applied to the literal flesh, profiteth nothing. And mark the consequence of this literal doctrine:—The Church of Rome avers that the thousands of her communion who have partaken of the Eucharist, worthy and unworthy, have really partaken of the literal body of Jesus Christ. I shall just mention one necessary, but most profane consequence from such a doctrine. Thousands and ten thousands of Roman Catholics, who have thus received the flesh of Jesus Christ to become *incorporated* with

* John vi. 63.

them, have died, and become the prey of corruption. Many every day are consigned to corruption. The Scriptures say—'Thou (God) wilt not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.'* St. Peter explains this of Christ.† But the Romish Church profanely teaches a doctrine which involves the blasphemous consequence, that the real body of the Holy One of God is in a continual state of corruption. I shall say no more."

Maria looked shocked, but said—"I do not think the Church would allow that it taught this consequence."

"Certainly not," replied Dr. Lowther: "but still it so necessarily follows from what she teaches, that, to get rid of it, she must very nearly get rid of the doctrine also. She says, 'Christ *is* not present in this Sacrament according to his natural way of existence, that is, with extension of parts, in order to place, &c. but, after a supernatural manner, one and the same in many places, and whole in every part of the symbols. This is therefore,' say they, 'a real, substantial, yet sacramental presence of Christ's body and blood, not exposed to the external senses, not obnoxious to corporeal contingencies.' This explanation, if intelligible at all, admits that Christ received in the sacrament is Christ received by faith into the soul—that is, a spiritual reception—not the

* Psalm xvi. 10. † Acts ii. 31.

literal body and flesh of Christ, but a supernatural body and flesh—a sacramental presence—a whole Christ in every part of the symbol. Thus, you perceive, my dear Miss Clarenham, that when obliged to explain herself, the Church of Rome no more believes in a real or literal presence than Protestants do; and that the latter teach, simply and scripturally, to all the people the spiritual doctrine taught by Christ, while the Church of Rome blinds her votaries by pretending to teach what she is obliged, when brought to reason with those who oppose her, to explain away so as to have a meaning entirely different from that generally received by her children. As to the sacrifice which you are taught to believe is offered by the mass, it is a notion equally contrary to the Scriptures and to reason. The Scriptures say, 'Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us; nor yet that he should offer himself often as the High Priest (alluding to the temple service,) entereth into the holy place every year with the blood of others; for then must he have often suffered since the foundation of the world: But now, *once* in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself: and as it is appointed unto men *once* to die, but after this the judgment, so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of

many.'* St. Paul continuing, in his address to the Hebrews, to contrast the figurative Jewish service with the reality fulfilled in Christ, says, 'Every priest standeth daily ministering, and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins; but this man, after he had offered *one* sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God. For by *one* offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.'† If we reason on the subject, let me ask you, Miss Clarenham, what we mean when we speak of a sacrifice to take away sin? Is it not constantly represented in Scripture under the character of an innocent victim, substituted in the place of a guilty being, to suffer in his stead? Does not the very idea of receiving forgiveness, in virtue of a sacrifice, denote that our sins have been transferred to the victim, or substitute? Sin, in the Scriptures, is represented as washed away only by blood—by suffering. Then where is the virtue of that sacrifice your priests pretend to offer? Christ, when 'He was *once* offered for the sins of many, was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with his stripes we are healed.'‡ But this silly and profane invention of a corrupt church has no

* Hebrews ix. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. † Hebrews x. 11, 12, 14.
‡ Isaiah liii. 5.

virtue, no meaning. They call it an unbloody sacrifice; but a bloodless is a useless sacrifice, since blood alone can wash away sin; and bowing down to adore what is thus offered is the most childish idolatry—the worshipping of the veriest unworthy trifle ever made by men's hands, and set up as a god. I shall only further ask you to consider the uses to which the Romish clergy put this doctrine—their masses for the dead bought with money. But I need say no more."

Dr. Lowther sought among his books for a small Old Testament with marginal references, and presented it to Maria.

"You must also accept from me the articles of belief of the different Protestant Churches," said he. "You may hear much of the want of union which exists among us, as I know that it is a point much dwelt on by those members of your church who are kept in ignorance of the truth on such subjects. Here is the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, and also the Catechism taught in every parish-school in that country: The articles also of the Church of England. The belief of the Swiss and Dutch Church is allowed to be the same as that of Scotland. You will find that there is scarcely a shade of difference in the faith of all these Churches. The minor sects of Protestants also agree in those articles, which are by all considered as essential; and, as the

Bible is the only standard of truth with all Protestants, we may hope and trust that time will do away those differences which all good men amongst us lament, and which have been produced by the pride and evil passions of those who have mingled amongst professing Protestants, and by that darkness and ignorance which a deeper acquaintance with the Bible will do away: and then that blessed time may be hoped for, when true Bible Christians will alone, as they alone are, be acknowledged by all as the only true Church."

Here little Maude put in her head at the door: "Mrs. Clarenham is going away, Maria, and has sent me for you."

Maria immediately rose: "Pray for me, dear Dr. Lowther," said she earnestly.

"I will, from my inmost heart, my dear Miss Clarenham."

She held out her hand to him; he took it in both of his, and, raising his eyes to heaven, prayed shortly, but with much fervour, for her as a lamb of Christ's fold; imploring guidance, and light, and strength, and prudence in conduct while amongst those still in darkness, and peace and confidence in God.

Maria was much moved: "Precious English prayers!" exclaimed she. "Oh how different from the rapid unmeaning words with which our priests pretend to guide our devotions: Oh that

might remain in this house! But it must not be. Farewell—Farewell." And she hastened away.

Mrs. Clarenham and Catherine were already in the carriage; and, after a melancholy drive of several miles, during which they passed through several villages and hamlets which seemed as peaceful as usual, they arrived at the massive old gateway which led into Sir Thomas Carysford's grounds. Here Sir Thomas and his son rode up to the carriage to welcome them. Young Carysford came to the window next which Maria sat, and leaning forward, "Good news!" said he joyfully. "All the north of Scotland is in arms. Not a false heart amongst them but Argyle; and he, I hope, will share the fate of his covenanting rebellious ancestors!"

"Is Argyle against us?"

"Yes. When did a Protestant Argyle favour the house of Stuart?"

"One Protestant Argyle put the crown of Scotland on the head of a wanderer of the Stuarts when he had few friends besides, Edward," said Maria with warmth: "for which he was rewarded by losing his own when that *grateful* exile came to power."

"That is the Illerton edition of the story," replied young Carysford, rather piqued.

"Is it not the true edition?"

"He lost his head as a judgment for having

signed a covenant to suppress the Catholic Church," answered Carysford, half playfully. "But now, I hope, we shall see the heretic, covenanting Presbyterians unsettled again, and the true church triumphant in their room."

"Many heads will fall in Scotland, Edward, ere the Romish Church shall raise *hers* there."

"Are you become a prophetess, Maria?"

"It is only necessary to look back, not forward, Edward, to prophesy on that point. A land thirsting for education and Bibles promises ill for the success of our church."

"All—all—learnt at Illerton, that vile seducing Illerton," replied Carysford, laughing good-naturedly.

"True, sincere, happy Illerton!" said Maria, smiling at last also, "where every one may venture to hear, or tell both sides of a story."

Sir Thomas had, on the other side of the carriage, been eagerly listened to by Mrs. Clarenham and Catherine, while he detailed the exaggerated account of the state of affairs in Scotland, where, he seemed quite certain, such forces were assembling, as must, at least, put the house of Stuart in possession of that country.

The news was at last told, and the coach again moved slowly along the beautifully-kept road which led through the fine old park to the magnificent mansion of the Carysfords. All, except in extent, was in complete contrast to Hallern.

Not a withered leaf was left on the smooth velvet turf. Every part of the grounds was in the most perfect state of keeping. Maria, from an early age, had been in the habit of regarding Carysford Park as the place of her future residence, and had become warmly attached to its scenery. The thought that she must no longer look forward to it as such, now mingled with the many other sad thoughts which at this moment had full possession of her mind, and gave a melancholy character to the masses of foliage with which the fine old trees shaded the bright green verdure, and to the deep dells into which the park was in some places broken; and even to the smiles with which young Carysford occasionally addressed her, as he continued to rein in his horse, that he might keep pace with the heavy old, long-tailed, broad-backed, state cavalry, which, mounted by two not very youthful postilions, dragged the massive coach along the levelled gravel.

At length the solemn procession stopt before the splendid mansion, and in an instant Lady Carysford was at the hall-door to welcome her guests. Every arrangement had been made by her with kindness and feeling; and Mrs. Clarenham soon found herself mistress of a set of apartments entirely appropriated to her use, and separated from those occupied by the family; and in which, Lady Carysford assured her, she

would at no time be disturbed. From these apartments a door led into a flower garden, which she was also to consider as entirely her own. All promised peace, and liberty to occupy her time as she chose; and Mrs. Clarenham warmly expressed her thanks.

"I do as I would wish my friends to do to me, my dear Mrs. Clarenham," replied Lady Carysford. "Nobody shall come near you. But the young people must not shut themselves up. I have engaged some companions to join them here. When you are disposed to see Sir Thomas and me, or Father Adrian, we shall make a quiet party, and let the young folks amuse themselves. Maria shall do the honours for me. Ah, my dear Mrs. Clarenham, how often I long for a daughter; every female visitor must I look after myself. Well, my time may come," looking archly at Maria: "but, my dear, I have heard strange reports about you. I shall not mention them now; but you and I must have some conversation. I am prepared for you. I do not fear a host of Protestant arguments; but I have come on the subject which I did not intend."

So ran on Lady Carysford, but, after a few more such speeches, left her guests to go and receive some other visitors.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Chi ama suo padre, o sua madre più di me, non è degno di me; e chi ama il figlio, o la figlia, più di me, non è degno di me."

Martini's Trans.—Matth. x. 37.

During a week passed at Carysford Park, it was so managed that, for a considerable part of each day, Mrs. Clarenham joined Sir Thomas and Lady Carysford, and some of the elder visitors of the Park, while the young people were left to amuse themselves. Every species of amusement to be found in the country was at the command of the young party; and Carysford's high spirits and good nature made him particularly ingenious in varying and contriving entertainments for his guests. Still, however, he sought to discover what was most agreeable to Maria in all he did; and with her only he was unsuccessful. All his other young friends, including Catherine Clarenham, entered, with apparent delight, into his plans, and a scene of

gaiety and enjoyment was constantly around him. Yet Maria, who had formerly been the life o every such scene,—except at short intervals, when she seemed to forget the sorrow that checked and saddened her smiles, and the lively playfulness of her fancy would give new life to all the others,—except at such short intervals, Maria was grave, and absent, and thoughtful. Sometimes she would succeed in leading her light-hearted companions to enter into the grave and melancholy kind of conversation which suited her own state of spirits. This gradually superseded, or at least always followed, gayer hours; and the two last evenings of the week, on Lady Carysford joining the young party to see that all were amused and happy, she found them sitting close together, in grave and apparently deeply interesting conversation.

"No music! no dancing!" exclaimed she, the first evening she found them thus—and then the conversation was interrupted, and music and dancing commenced; but, on the second evening, all declared that they preferred those hours of quiet conversation to any amusement.

Lady Carysford was surprised, but not pleased. It was evident that Maria had been the attraction in this grave manner of spending time. All were gathered round her, and Lady Carysford had distinguished her animated voice as she entered the room.

"What on earth can you find to converse about, that is so very agreeable?" asked Lady Carysford.

"Indeed, Madam, you would not think it so very agreeable," said Catherine. "Maria does nothing but ridicule and undervalue all those saintly virtues which Catholics look upon as most deserving of heaven. Here she has just been leading us to define what we thought most excellent and lovely in human character; and, indeed, her own descriptions have not one holy ingredient in them."

"That is, Catherine, they have no hours spent in repeating what is not understood,—no virtuous going without stockings or shoes over cold marble,—no living without food in the woods, like some of those whose stories you believe, till they became so spiritual that they are seen telling their beads on their knees a little way up in the air. I see nothing in all that, but childish fabulous nonsense."

All the young people laughed except Catherine.

"You may judge, Madam, of our conversation, from the specimen Maria has just given," said Catherine, indignantly.

"Oh, fie, fie," said Lady Carysford. "Come with me a little, my love," addressing Maria; "and the others have still a little time to dance themselves into spirits before prayers."

"Dance themselves into spirits!" thoug Maria. "I wonder what they would think that as a preparation for devotion at Illerton But she instantly recollected that Dormer wou approve as little of such a preparation as t Montagues; and she was settling, in her ov mind, how much true devotion of heart had t same effect on the conduct of all who were i fluenced by it, when she found herself alone wi Lady Carysford in her dressing-room.

"My dear Maria," said Lady Carysford ve affectionately, "I did not wish to hurt your fee ings by alluding sooner to this subject; but reall my dear, when I recollect the near tie which i to unite you to me, and the very prospect o which has already made you dearer to me tha almost any other person on earth, I can refrai no longer."

"You know, my dear Madam," said Maria "*that* connexion cannot take place, if you are a all dissatisfied with me on the point to which you allude."

"Maria! my child! my daughter! do not utter such words. You will break my heart. You will break all our hearts. You have been misled by those Protestant cousins of yours; but you are too good, too sensible, to remain long in error. And now, my love, I have got something I wish you particularly to read."

"I shall read most attentively whatever you recommend, my dear Lady Carysford."

"That is like yourself, my own dear girl. This is what I wish you to read, my love," continued Lady Carysford, drawing a large pocket-book from her ample pocket, and selecting, from many papers and letters, one paper, beautifully written, and richly gilt and emblazoned. "It is a letter, written by the Duchess of York," said she, "who was carefully educated by Protestant preceptors in the faith of the Church of England."

"My dearest Lady Carysford, I have read it a hundred times."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes; and you must not be angry if I say that I think it very silly."

"Silly?"

"Extremely so. She does not give one reason for changing her religion that could satisfy any sensible person really in search of truth. She says she could discern no reason why the Protestants in England separated from the Church of Rome, but because Henry VIII. chose to renounce the Pope's authority, when he would not give him leave to part with one wife that he might marry another. Now, my dear Madam, it is this sort of nonsense which we Catholics are nursed upon, and which makes us appear so ignorant, and priest-led, and childishly ridiculous in the

eyes of Protestants, who, on this point, have c
to ask us, while they cannot refrain from lau
ing at our silly credulity,—what induced so m
Protestants to prefer being burnt to death rat
than return to the bosom of the Church a
years after, under the reign of the Pious Cat
lic, as we term her; but as they, I think, m
justly designate her, 'the Bloody Mary.' Her
VIII. took advantage of the times, when the li
of the Reformation was becoming too power
for the Church of Rome. He then succeeded
setting up his own despotic power in opposition
to hers; but, as to religion, ours suited his cha
racter best, and he continued to profess himself
a member of our Church to the last: and he is
regarded by Protestants as a wicked half-mad
tyrant. Then those Bishops of the Church o
England, whom the Duchess of York mentions
having consulted, a tolerably instructed Protest-
ant child would tell you, that if they believed
what she says they believed, they were not Pro-
testants. You must give me more conclusive ar-
guments, my dear Lady Carysford, in favour of
our Church, or I fear I must consider her cause
a weak one indeed, when put in competition with
that which appeals only to the Bible—which
urges you to try its truth by God's own word—
to search that word as for hid treasures—and to
receive no doctrine from men but what they can
plainly show you is written there."

' But, my love, our Church does not ask you believe any thing that is not in the Bible."

' My dear Madam, she asks us to believe hy things that are not in the Bible. Does not command us to receive, as matters of h, necessary to salvation, '*First*, What in ipture is plain and intelligible. *Secondly*, finitions of General Councils, on points not iciently explained in Scripture. *Thirdly*, ostolical traditions, received from Christ and s apostles, (and we all know how easy it is to ake that a wide belief.) *Fourthly*, The prac-e, worship, and ceremonies of the Church in nfirmation of her doctrines ?' "

" My dear child, I must give you over to ather Adrian upon these matters. You have t into strange errors; but now I must return your mother. You really have taken extra-dinary fancies into your young head. But, me with me, till I find out what accounts of ir cause Sir Thomas has received, that I may able to tell your mother. He left us some me ago to receive letters from a messenger, ho would deliver them to none but himself. I as on my way in search of Sir Thomas when I oked in on you, and forgot every thing else on earing what you had been conversing about."

Sir Thomas was still in the apartment in hich he had received the messenger, and looked rave and dissatisfied.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lady Carysford.

"Bad news—very bad news. Our friends have been obliged to lay down their arms, and are made prisoners as rebels. Our cause, for the present, is lost in England. Poor Derwentwater is a prisoner. There is little hope for him."

"How, Sir! what!" exclaimed Maria, "will he suffer as a traitor?"

"I fear—I fear too soon. They will make an example of him. There is not, I fear, one ray of hope that any mercy will be shown to him."

Maria clasped her hands. "And my brother, he will be returning to England: it may be known that he was the bearer of dispatches from Lord Derwentwater!"

"He must be prevented returning at this crisis," said Sir Thomas, anxiously. "I must see Father Adrian."

At this moment he entered the room.

"No grave looks—no gathering together, as if some disaster had happened—no exciting of suspicion," said he, quickly. "No eye, no ear amongst the domestics must be counted on at present. Do, my dear Miss Clarenham, set the young people to dance. Let the sound of cheerful music be heard—then let us all meet, as usual, in the chapel."

"But first, Father, will my brother be returning about this time? Is there any chance of suspicion falling on him?"

"Your brother, my dear young lady! he is at Rome."

"At Rome! when did he go there, Father? Why does my mother not know?"

"He proceeded there on a confidential mission. I shall tell you all about it at another time. You see what a mercy it was that we thought of sending him there. I shall write this very night to delay his return."

Maria looked inquisitively at Warrenne, but his countenance baffled her skill in attempting to read its expression. She was, however, relieved on hearing that Basil was, at least for the present, in safety; and went to engage her young friends to put on the semblance of mirth. She, in a few words, told them her errand; and soon sounds of gaiety were heard, while whispers of anxiety and alarm were interchanged by the young dancers, who were soon relieved by hearing the bell for evening prayers.

One glance at her mother's pale countenance proved to Maria that she was suffering from a new cause of alarm and anxiety. Warrenne himself repeated the prayers; which, without seeming more rapid than other priests in his utterance, he always contrived to finish in half the time.

When the service was closed, all the party, excepting Mrs. Clarenham, assembled at supper. She found herself quite unable longer to wear the exterior of calmness, and retired to her own apartment. She was soon joined by Maria, and a short time after by Warrenne, who requested a few moments' conversation with her. He was immediately admitted, and hastened to inform her, as he said, of the nature of her son's mission to Rome. She listened in silent acquiescence. It was on affairs, which, he said, were important to the English Catholics. She scarcely understood their nature, after his professing to explain it to her; but, if it was to advance the interests of the Church, she could not object; and she was thankful that God, in his gracious providence, had so ordered events, that, whatever she might suffer from his absence, Basil at least was safe.

While this conversation was going on, Maria intently watched the expressions of Warrenne's countenance, and saw, or thought she saw, that, while he spoke a species of cant to her mother, his thoughts were at times far away. In this supposition she was soon confirmed. — After rising to take leave, Warrenne seeming as if he had suddenly recollected something,—

"Ah!" said he, "I was sure I had forgotten something—but these matters are so little a part of my duty. Madam, I received, some days ago,

an intimation from Rome, that, in the present state of our affairs in this unhappy erring country, every means ought to be taken to connect, by the closest ties, those families who still adhere to the ancient faith. Amongst other instructions, tending to further this fatherly plan, I am informed that his holiness, as General Clarenham left him a power in his will to do so, chooses to dispense with that clause which makes it necessary that Miss Clarenham should be of age before the union of the two families, and wills that union to take place without delay. I have told you this, Madam, in your daughter's presence, because I know there are some clauses in General Clarenham's will, regarding which she may, perhaps, find it necessary to have some conversations with me, that I may be satisfied she is ready to comply with them."

"So I am to be deprived of all my children!" said Mrs. Clarenham, in a voice of the deepest dejection. "Well," added she, "My God, thy will be done."

"It is not God's will, my dearest, ever dearest, kindest mother!" exclaimed Maria. "God has commanded me to love and honour you, not to leave you in grief and solitude; and no Pope shall oblige me to disobey the plain commands of God, and the feelings of nature."

"My dear young lady," said Warrenne, soothingly, "I am sure you will be indulged in what-

ever you wish by Sir Thomas Carysford's family. Whatever arrangement Mrs. Clarenham may propose——"

"No, no, Father," interrupted Mrs. Clarenham, "I shall propose nothing. Why should I withdraw an only son, an only child, from his parents? I never will. God sees that I am too, too much wrapt up in these earthly blessings: therefore he means to wean me from them. Shall I not bow in submission to his will?"

Maria stood up; and, raising her eyes to heaven with an expression of awe, remained silent for a few moments, then said solemnly, but calmly, "Hear me, Father, while I plainly declare that I cannot, in my present state of mind, fulfil my uncle's will. I cannot profess that I firmly believe in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. I cannot promise to remain in her communion. Hers does not appear to me the faith of the Bible; and I am prepared to give up my title to all my uncle left me. That I give up without a feeling of pain. I cannot say so with regard to all I must resign. I am ill prepared for a change in the feelings of those who have hitherto loved, and esteemed, and rested hopes on me; but I think I could even meet that change—all changes—death itself—sooner than give up the Bible."

Warrenne seemed struck mute with astonishment.

"Maria! my child! what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Clarenham, scarcely able to believe she had heard distinctly.

"I mean to remain with you, my dearest, dearest mother. To devote myself to you. To show you what the Bible teaches those who simply obey its precepts. Catherine may possess my fortune. I will remain with you."

"It must not be, my own best, ever kindest child. Leave us, Father Adrian. Forgive us. Our minds are weakened, and our spirits are broken by misfortune."

Warrenne bowed, and in silence left the room. And Maria, after two hours' earnest conversation with her mother, left her, though not reconciled to her change of views, yet deeply alive to the warmly devotional feelings now almost for the first time expressed by Maria in her presence, and soothed by her affection, and the hope that, for a time at least, they would not be separated.

CHAPTER IX.

—"Che giova all' uomo di guadagnare tutto il mondo, se poi perda l'anima!"
Martini's Trans.—Matth. xvi. 26.

MARIA had not courage to meet the family at breakfast next morning: yet, as it was known that Mrs. Clarenham, even at home, preferred spending her mornings alone, she had no excuse for her absence. After several times, however, leaving her room some steps on her way to the breakfast room, her heart still failed, and she returned again and again to reason herself into composure. At last, finding the effort vain, she went to her sister's room, to ask her to apologise for her absence.

Catherine's life, since coming to Carysford Park, had been spent in alternate acts of devotion and scenes of amusement. Ever since Dormer had become her spiritual director, she had been gradually becoming less remarkable

s a saint. He had given her spiritual direction and advice altogether different from hat she had been accustomed to receive from her foreign confessor, or from Father Dennis. He had disregarded and discouraged the visionary turn of mind which had been cherished in her convent, and the dreams of which old Elliston had not troubled himself to listen to; and had spoken to her of the danger of self-exaltation; of the necessity of self-knowledge; of the lowliness of heart which ever accompanied it; and urged her to contemplate, as the only, altogether, perfect pattern of holiness, the character of Jesus Christ. And every penance he imposed had tended to mortify and check all those desires after the attainment of a certain species of saintship, which had hitherto been fostered by her spiritual guides. Dormer had thus succeeded in lowering Catherine's opinion of herself, but he had not taught her to pray for that new heart which alone loves the things of the Spirit. *That*, his church taught, was bestowed in baptism; and he only urged her to *use* a power, of which poor Catherine was still destitute. When that earthly distinction at which she aimed, and the means by which she hoped to attain it, were lessened in her estimation, all that she knew of religion lost its attraction; and now she became every day less able to fulfil the round of observances she had imposed on herself.

On this morning, though it was not early, Maria found Catherine with her beads still half unsaid. She seemed vexed at being detected thus remiss, and Maria turned away, and stood at a window, with her face from her, till she had repeated the remaining prayers, not one of which she understood.

"Well, Maria," said Catherine, rather sharply, "to what am I indebted for this visit?"

"Is it not the breakfast hour, Catherine?"

"If it is, you do not usually require my assistance to reach the breakfast-room."

"No; but I am come to beg you will apologise for my not appearing there this morning."

"What, dear Maria, are you unwell?" asked Catherine, immediately softening into kindness.

"Only in mind, dear Catherine. But I cannot explain just now. Indeed it is nothing new to you; so, good bye,"—and she kissed Catherine, and left her.

Maria continued in her own room for a time, attempting, but with little success, to dissipate the cloud which had gathered on her spirits. She then joined her mother.

Here Catherine soon followed in search of her. "You must come, Maria. It was you yourself who proposed the sailing party for to-day. Every one asks for you, excepting Edward,—he, indeed, would always have you indulged."

"Do go, my love," said Mrs. Clarenham. You *must* again meet your friends."

"Did Lady Carysford say any thing when I id not appear at breakfast?" asked Maria.

"I do not know what is the matter with Lady arysford," replied Catherine. "You know Sir homas says nothing will make her take an in- erest in public affairs; yet we know of nothing listressing besides which has happened, and she ooks as if she had wept all night. When she eard you were not in spirits to join the break- ast party, her eyes again filled with tears, and he rose, and said she would come to you. Sir Thomas stopt her with one of his peremptory 'No, my dears,' and down she sat again; but I thought every good thing on the table was to be sent to you."

"Dear Lady Carysford!" said Maria, in vain endeavouring to restrain her tears. She, however, got ready, and accompanied Catherine to join her young friends.

All received her as the life and joy of the party, and with kind attentions and inquiries—all but young Carysford: his address was cold and hurried: and he immediately discovered that he must, for some reason or other, go on board the boat which awaited them on the lake: nor did he return to offer his assistance to Maria, which, on similar occasions, was regarded by all as a matter of course. Another gentleman as-

sisted her into the boat; and Carysford had placed himself to act as pilot, in order, apparently, to avoid her. Another boat, with music, kept at a little distance. The air was balm. Scarcely a breath of wind passed over the glassy lake: and the scenery which bounded its smooth expanse looked even more than usually lovely and magnificent. Maria regarded it with feelings of extreme sadness; and, at that moment, she knew something of what that suffering is, which is described by "leaving all." Exclamations of delight and admiration were every moment expressed by her young companions, while the music, softened by the distance, tended to deepen her sadness. At last she was appealed to by a young friend,—

"You are silent, Maria Clarenham. Is it possible one can become so accustomed to those scenes as to be insensible to their beauty?"

"Ah, no," replied Maria, unconsciously speaking in a tone of voice full of sadness; "That is not the effect produced by such scenes. I am sure, wherever my lot may be cast, I shall ever regard them as the loveliest and most attractive on the face of the earth, and only admire others as they resemble them."

"Haggerston, Jerningham, pray how long do you mean to leave me at the helm without having the grace to offer me assistance," said young Carysford, with something of his usual cheerful-

ness. He looked towards Jerningham, who was seated next Maria, and his eyes met hers. He immediately looked away, but she saw that the cold distant expressions with which he had before regarded her had given place to those of happier and kindlier feelings. She was conscious of the power she possessed over his affections, and tears filled her eyes as he took Jerningham's place by her. He seemed to have observed them, for he did not address her; but his attentions, his looks, his whole manner, seemed to intreat her forgiveness: and she felt deeply and bitterly, that, however painful it may be to separate from, and give up for ever, what is lovely and attractive in natural scenery, it is altogether nothing when compared to the breaking up of those living attachments which have become a part of our nature. Never, till now, had she known that she felt so kindly for Carysford; but still one rapid glance into the future convinced her that she must either prepare to separate her affections from him, or give up what she no longer had the power to give up—that knowledge of truth which made it impossible for her to believe in many doctrines of his church. Such thoughts mingled with all that passed during the time the party continued on the lake. When they landed, Carysford, as usual, was at her side, and offered his arm. She accepted his offer, but felt embarrassed, and they walked on in silence.—

Maria, at last, on coming to a path which led to the flower garden, from whence was an entrance to her mother's apartments, withdrew her arm, saying she would shorten the distance by taking that path.

"We shall see you at dinner, I hope?" said Carysford, apparently unwilling to leave her.

"Certainly."

He walked on a few steps to open a little gate that was in her way; then observing his mother approaching, he left her.

Maria looked anxiously at Lady Carysford, as she advanced, to read in her countenance the reception she might expect to meet with from her. She seemed in deeper thought than was at all usual for her, and did not perceive Maria's approach till she had almost reached her, then tried to assume an air of coldness, and said—

"I have just been with your mother, Miss Clarenham, and find she is determined to leave us this evening."

"So soon!" said Maria, and her eyes filled with tears.

Lady Carysford's countenance immediately softened.

"Are you sorry, then, to leave us after all, Maria?"

"I pray God, Lady Carysford, that no member of your family may feel half the sorrow I do,"

eplied Maria, bursting into tears, and attempt-
ıg to pass.

Lady Carysford caught her hand—"What loes all this mean, my dearest Maria? You have ınly to say you are what you used to be—you ıave only to say you will give up your cousin, ınd return to us. We shall never think more ›f this little estrangement—all shall be as it was ›efore. Do not leave us—do not again see your ›ousin. You cannot—you do not feel for him as ›ou soon will for Edward."

"What on earth do you mean, my dearest Lady Carysford?" interrupted Maria. "You ıre altogether mistaken. What"—

"My dearest girl, I will say no more about it. I do not wish to pain you. Oh, that we might never, never have one thought more on the subject!"

"What subject, my dear madam? Indeed I must ask you to explain what you mean. I am sure you are in some strange error."

"No, no, my dear. Do you think I am so blind as not to see what is so plain, and what it was so natural should happen? Your young cousin, Ernest Montague, is a fine youth. His character stands high in every one's opinion. Are not all the strangers who come to this part of the country taken to see Illerton village? So much industry—such admirable schools—not a pauper to be seen in all the village, while Hal-

lern and our villages are full of them. Not an idle creature; and such fields and gardens, and so forth; and all brought to this state of perfection by the Montagues and their chaplain, but, above all, by young Montague. O! it was most natural that your young mind should be dazzled by such representations, and knowing, too, the pleasing, sensible youth; but Edward will do whatever you choose in these kind of things."

"My dearest Lady Carysford," interrupted Maria, "I intreat you to hear me. My cousin Ernest is no more concerned in what I declared before Father Adrian last night than his sister is. They have led me to examine the Bible; but I have no preference whatever for Ernest, that I might not retain were I your daughter; and he never gave me the slightest cause to suppose that he regarded me in any other light than I have been regarded by all others,—as the affianced daughter of your house."

Maria spoke with emphatic solemnity, and Lady Carysford listened with surprise in her looks.

"Then, my dear, what is all this? what are we differing about? You attend prayers in the chapel—you attend mass—you eat no meat on fast days—I am sure neither Sir Thomas nor I will suffer you to be prevented associating with your amiable young cousins if you choose, or

rom reading a few Protestant books if you wish t—or what is it you do wish?"

"You know, my dear madam, my having fortune depends entirely on my declaring myself a decided member of the Church of Rome. Now, I do attend prayers in the chapel; but when Father Adrian or Father Clement, repeat what I do not understand, I attempt to pray to God in my heart, for it is the heart God regards. I do attend mass; for, on that point, though I begin to hesitate, I am still more of a Catholic than a Protestant; and I do not eat meat on fast days, because it is the same to me whether I do so or not; and, in a matter so perfectly insignificant, I do what those around me do; but I do not believe in the infallibility of the Romish Church. On the contrary, I begin to suspect she is the most corrupt of all the Christian Churches."

"My love, how strangely you speak! All the *Christian* churches! Surely there can be but one true Christian church."

"I shall say churches professing Christianity, then, my dear Madam: But you remember Christ Himself addresses the *Seven* Churches of Asia as Christian churches, and reproves and threatens several of them for the corruptions into which they had fallen, yet addresses all as if there were true Christians in each. Such, I hope, my dear Madam, is still the case with the Christian churches of our day; but I cannot partake

in the sins of any of them, after I see that they are sins.—The Bible has been my guide in this and must be my guide in all things; and I cannot give up reading the Bible for myself."

"Hush, hush, my love! that will never do."

"And therefore, my dear madam, I cannot declare myself a Roman Catholic."

Lady Carysford looked much distressed.

"Father Adrian is so determined on hurrying this business," said she, "and Sir Thomas is so completely led by him—and they have been tormenting poor Edward,—proposing your sister Catherine to him, as it seems your fortune goes to her if you leave the church; and he vows, that if such a proposal is ever again made to him, he will go abroad next day. He declares he can love none but you, and that he cares not for fortune—that if you choose to become a Protestant you may; and that it was neither to your religion nor to your fortune he was engaged, but to yourself; and that though you may think yourself at liberty to break that engagement, he regards it as quite as sacred as if it had been fulfilled; and that, as long as you are unmarried, no power on earth can induce him to think otherwise; and that, if you marry, he will never be happy again. In short, the poor boy was half distracted last night—and so jealous of young Montague: one time he would blow his Protestant brains out, and then he would not hurt a hair of his head, if

have thought little on the subject, for I can either aid nor injure them: but it is different, Edward, when the safety of the soul is at stake."

"But even Protestants allow that members of our church may be saved."

"Yes; those who, in the midst of her errors, rest their hopes on the truths she still teaches—those who have never had it in their power to know her errors; but not those who have been made acquainted with the Bible, and yet choose to be guided by what is contrary to its precepts."

"Well, Maria, whatever misery it may cost me, I cannot desert our friends at such a time. I will not seek to judge for myself, and I will not listen to you on the subject—but I will do no more—you shall, in all things, be your own mistress."

"Stop, Edward—such arrangements cannot be made by you, nor by me. We both have parents. Your mother has left us, (she had walked on,) but she has told me that Sir Thomas has sworn that he never will receive a Protestant into his family as a daughter."

"My father cannot keep such a resolution. I shall leave home till he changes it."

"Oh, Edward, how wrong!"

"Why so? Is he to make me wretched, and expect me to think of nothing but his gratifica-

tion? I should not have been idle here, and al our friends in arms, but for him. Can this las for ever? And he to dictate to me in the neares ties! You leave this to-day, Maria—I go to morrow, unless he allows me to follow you with his permission to make what arrangements you choose."

"No, no, no, Edward. I will not agree to this. I will arrange nothing. Promise to do me one favour, Edward."

"What, Maria?"

"Say not one word further on this subject, unless your friends oblige you, until my brother's return. Nothing could induce me to leave my mother till then; why, therefore, do any thing?"

"I will promise, on condition you suffer me to see you daily, and consult with you on all that passes."

"I will, provided I find your friends do not object."

"And will you make me one promise, Maria?"

"What?"

"To remember, while you are gaining more acquaintance with the Protestant religion, how long your family, our family, all our ancestors, have suffered and struggled for the ancient faith; and ask yourself whether a Clarenham ought to abandon it."

"Yes, Edward; provided you will sometimes sk yourself, whether a rational being will be able) answer, at the great day, for having, in the most ıomentous of all concerns, given up the mind ıd soul God gave him to the guidance and di-ːction of a fellow-sinner, without ever hav-ıg employed that mind to know the will of God, ı that revelation of it which he has given to ıan?"

Edward smiled, but promised; and shortly ːter the young friends parted: and, after again ıeeting at dinner, where, from Sir Thomas ˈarysford's stiff and pompous manner, all was ɯbarrassment and restraint, Mrs. Clarenham ɯd her daughters set out on their return to Hal-ːrn Castle.

CHAPTER X.

—"Verra tempo, che chi v' ucciderà si creda di rendere onore a Dio."
Martini's Trans.—John xvi. 2.

SEVERAL weeks passed away, during which each individual of the family at Hallern Castle was occupied with subjects of the deepest interest and anxiety. On one point, however, certainty or peace seemed as distant as ever. There were no letters from young Clarenham,—no accounts of him. Mrs. Clarenham was wretched. Dormer seemed equally so; and his answers to her inquiries, though intended to remove her anxiety, were so unsatisfactory, and the expression of his countenance, whenever Basil was the subject, so mournfully grave, that though he attempted to do away her uneasiness, she felt certain he himself participated in it. His health, too, had become wretched; and his abstemiousness increased; not from religious motives, but from utter

oss of appetite. His person was becoming every lay more emaciated; and the expression of his countenance, habitually melancholy, was now narked by extreme dejection.

Maria observed all this; and it increased her anxiety respecting Basil, while it excited a feeling of sympathy and regard for Dormer, which was every day increased by her observation of his unremitted exertions to fulfil all those religious duties which he considered himself bound to perform. Amidst this anxiety regarding her brother, and care for her mother, and compassion for Dormer, Maria had to guide, and check, and soothe the unrestrained, undisciplined spirit of young Carysford. Till now he had known nothing but unbounded indulgence; and his impatience, while a doubt seemed to hang over the completion of his dearest wishes, made him, like other spoilt children, throw every other source of happiness from him, and torment himself almost into madness regarding that which seemed a thousand-fold increased in value, by the difficulty thrown in the way of its attainment. Each morning Carysford rode over to Hallern, full of some new scheme by which he was to compel his father to accede to his wishes, or some argument by which he was to persuade Maria to give up her new religion. And, again, when Maria would no longer remain absent from her mother, to converse with him, returned home, soothed—

more rational—convinced that Maria alone could render him happy; and determined to imitate her in that resignation to the present arrangements of Providence, which she attempted to convince him could not be broken through, without committing sin against that God who could, in a thousand ways, compel them to wait the decisions of his will; but the evenings spent with his father and Warrenne—the one cold and dictatorial, assuming too late an authority he had never possessed,—the other acute and sarcastic, levelling his irony against Protestanism—did away all the effects of the happier morning, and sent him back to Maria unchanged.

The evenings spent so wretchedly by Carysford were the least unhappy hours of Maria's day. Some of the Montagues spent those hours generally at Hallern. Lady Montague carefully avoiding every point on which they could differ, was again the friend from whose society Mrs. Clarenham received her chief pleasure; and Adeline spent hours in reading the Bible with Maria, and giving her Dr. Lowther's explanation of those passages, which, on former evenings, they had not perfectly understood. Maria, however, was cautious in receiving any explanation which did not appear obvious to herself, and sometimes would venture to apply to Dormer to explain what appeared to her made no plainer by Dr. Lowther. On such occasions, Dormer was

er ready to give the explanation put upon the ıssage by his church; but also seemed to con-ler it his duty to speak with warmth against .e presumption of venturing the salvation of her ıul on the decision of her own private judgment. .e seemed, however, rather desirous to engage ;r in such conversations; and she, too, had ıeasure in conversing with him: for, whatever is subjection of mind might be to his fellow-men -his superiors in the church—she felt that he as more devoted to the service of God—more ıwly in heart—more fearful of the slightest ;vity on religious subjects—more in continual we and recollection of the presence of a holy ɔod, than she was.

Sometimes Dormer would remain when Lady Montague came to spend the evening with her ɔousin—at first for a short time, and as if to ob-erve her style of conversation: but gradually ıis stay became longer. Lady Montague's low-y, fervent piety—her frank but respectful man-ıer to himself—and her cheerfulness, seemed to ɔvercome his reserve; and while Maria and Adeline sought earnestly for instruction from the Bible in another apartment, the two elder ladies and Dormer conversed, with openness and in-creasing mutual regard, on those religious sub-jects with which we become acquainted only by experience. The perverseness of the human heart—its deep-rooted aversion—its determined

alienation from that holiness required by God the necessity of chastisements and afflictions t wean the affections from the world; on such sub jects Dormer spoke with a feeling, and eloquence and experience, to which Lady Montague listened with deep and evident interest: and she with humility acknowledged how slight her impressions on those subjects were, compared to what they ought to be, and compared to those expressed by him. He, on his part, would listen with earnest attention when she spoke of the effects produced by belief in the love of God—that love which he manifested in Christ; of its powerful influence in subduing sin, and winning the heart to obedience; and to the receiving of every dispensation, however afflictive, as sent, in Fatherly love, to purify and prepare the heart for heaven.

Ernest Montague now frequently joined in these conversations. For a time he had been constantly and actively employed, with other gentlemen in the north of England, in taking measures to secure the safety of the country, in the expectation of the Scotch rebels penetrating into England. But that alarm was now over. The cause was losing ground in every quarter; and those gentlemen who had most ardently come forward to oppose it, were again returning to their usual quiet pursuits.

One evening, Ernest had accompanied his mother to Hallern, and had found the conversa-

ion so interesting, that he asked permission to return; and, young and reserved as he was, his mind did not seem far behind those with whom he conversed, in the experience of that discipline which, in one way or other, is common to all Christians.

Ernest, on these occasions, was struck with Dormer's looks; and he and his mother agreed, that, whatever might be his errors, his heart was so evidently, so deeply, so touchingly humble and devoted to God, and his health declining so fast, that he appeared to them hastening to a better world.

During this period, Catherine spent much of her time at Carysford Park; not that it was hoped young Carysford would transfer his affections to her, at least by any but Sir Thomas,—for, ever since the idea had been suggested to him, she seemed to have become his aversion, and Lady Carysford's also; but Warrenne had a new plan in view, to which her devoted inclination was also necessary. Warrenne's plan was, to have a nunnery endowed in that part of England. He had long been aware, that unwillingness in parents to send their children, particularly their daughters, abroad for education, had exposed them to intercourse with Protestants at that age when the mind is most alive to religious impressions, and from the influence of which his church had lost many members. His plan now was, to

deliverance was obtained from the prisons of that mysterious but powerful tribunal.

"Are you certain of what you have just told me, Ainsworth?" asked he at last in a low voice.

"Perfectly so, Sir. I myself was also a prisoner."

"But that does not prove him, of whom you spoke, to be so, Ainsworth. It is not the custom of that tribunal to let its actions be known to any but the individual who is the subject of them."

"True, Sir: but I know my master was in the same prison. I am not at liberty to say more; for I was liberated only on taking a solemn oath never to divulge what I witnessed there. I am a Catholic, Sir. I abhor all heresy; and I think you, Mr. Ernest, have the guilt of misleading my young master—but I have been about him ever since he was a child—they did not take my oath regarding aught but what I witnessed in the prison. If you, Mr. Montague, betray my having been in this country, the intelligence will instantly be conveyed to Rome, and my master will be removed, where those who now might serve him can have no influence."

"Has your master been long where he now is?"

"He was, on his first going to Rome, lodged in the Monastery of ——, where he soon found he was to be considered as a prisoner, until the

Fathers should attempt to overcome those notions against the faith which he had learnt from you, Mr. Ernest. He was, however, treated with great respect, and was permitted to amuse himself as he chose within the walls, till it was found that he spent most of his time in the library, and was detected various times reading books forbidden by the Inquisitors; and, at last, Sir, a New Testament, with the prohibitory mark of the Holy Office upon it, was found in his apartment; and when the Fathers remonstrated with my master, and removed the book, he said they could no longer prevent his knowing its contents, for he had spent most of the time he had been in the Monastery in committing a great part of them to memory; and they now were, he said, in his heart, from whence they had entirely banished the belief that the Romish was any other than the most corrupt of churches professing Christianity. I myself heard him say so, Sir," continued Ainsworth, "and you know, Mr. Ernest, where he first learnt these notions." The man seemed to struggle between indignation at Ernest, and love for his young master.

"And then he was conveyed to a prison!" said Ernest, much moved. "Dear, dear Basil!"

"It is not the way to do him any good," said Ainsworth, also moved. "But I must not stay here, Sir."

"Have you seen Mr. Dormer? Does he know what you have told me?"

"Seen him! No, Sir. He is the person I most dread seeing. He *must* know where my master is. He persuaded him to go abroad. He arranged every thing, and my master has constantly corresponded with him ever since he left home."

"Not directly," said Ernest sternly, on recollecting Mrs. Clarenham's anxiety for letters, and Dormer's silence respecting those he was now said to have received.

"No, Sir, all letters to the priests are sent first to Father Adrian."

"Villain! hypocrite! true Jesuit!" muttered Ernest, as he thought of Dormer. "And what can be done? Who can follow the windings of such wretches?" said he aloud, and eyeing the man with looks of disgust and suspicion. "Confiding, amiable, excellent Clarenham."

"It is all your own doing, Sir," said Ainsworth, indignantly. "Father Clement loves his soul better than his present comfort. I am not so good as he is: I can only be miserable till my master is at liberty. And now, Sir, this is all I think can be done:—You know there is what is called rebellion still in Scotland. Your family are known to have been very successful in gaining information which led to the suppression of the rising in the north of England. Father Cle-

ment will believe it, Sir, if you say you have gained certain intelligence that it was he and Father Adrian who sent my master abroad as bearer of confidential dispatches from Lord Derwentwater to the King. Say, also, that you have further information respecting Mr. Basil; and that, if you are not assured solemnly that he shall return in safety in less than two months, all shall be made public. One word from Father Adrian is sufficient to release my master; and Father Clement will trust your honour, if you pledge it to reveal nothing should my master appear within the time specified. And now, Sir, I must be gone. I shall not leave England, but must depart from this neighbourhood; yet you may perhaps soon see me again." The man then turned into a by-path in the wood, and was instantly out of sight.

Ernest stood motionless for a few minutes. He knew not how to proceed, while he became more and more alive to the danger of young Clarenham's situation. Dormer's last conversations, —his pale, sad countenance, only lighted up when conversing on subjects most deeply spiritual,—his chastened manners, expressive of the most constant and severe self-government,—the benignity and kindness with which he had always treated himself, now returned with softening influence to Ernest's recollection; and, still undetermined, he again proceeded, but now at a quick-

ened pace, towards Hallern Castle. He had not half-crossed the park, however, before he had twenty times changed his purpose,—whether at once to reproach Dormer with his abuse of the confidence reposed in him by young Clarenham and his family, and endeavour to alarm him into instant exertions for Basil's safety—or to meet him as one led, by devotion to his spiritual superiors, to do what threatened in the end to endanger the life or intellects of the being he loved most on earth, and which, from unceasing anxiety, and the struggle between supposed duty and his natural feelings, was undermining the springs of his own existence. The last supposition, on looking back, appeared to him to be the true one; and his heart readily yielded to the belief that it was so.

"Can I see Mr. Dormer alone?" asked he, when a servant opened the hall-door.

The man hesitated. "Father Clement desired that he might not be disturbed for an hour, Sir," replied he. "He is particularly engaged."

"I must see him," said Ernest, rather peremptorily.

The man looked surprised, for Ernest's manner was, in general, peculiarly free from every thing of the kind.

"If you must, Sir, it is not my fault. I shall tell Father Clement so." And he proceeded towards Dormer's apartment, followed by Ernest,

who stopt, however, at some distance, to allow the servant to announce his approach. The man knocked gently at the door of Dormer's room. Dormer himself opened it, and, in a tone of voice so mild as to confirm Ernest in his favourable interpretation of his conduct, answered the man's half-indignant—

"Father, I would not have disobeyed your orders, if I could have helped it."

"I believe it, my son; but do not detain me, for at this moment my time is precious."

"Mr. Ernest Montague will not be denied seeing you, Father."

Ernest approached. "I have business, Mr. Dormer, of sufficient importance to excuse this intrusion."

"I guess its nature, I believe, Mr. Montague," replied Dormer, courteously inviting him to enter.

For an instant Ernest forgot even his purpose, on glancing round the apartment of the dignified, polished Dormer. It was a small square room, in one of the towers of the Castle. The floor, which was of stone, was uncarpeted. A small iron bed-stead, without curtains, on which were a single blanket and mattress, two wooden chairs, and a table, was all the furniture it contained. One wide shelf extended along a side of the room, on which lay a good many books; and

in the window which looked east was placed, as if in contrast to the bareness and poverty of the apartment, a beautifully sculptured marble slab, supporting a crucifix of the most perfect workmanship, every agonized muscle and suffering expression of which was now seen in the bright light of the evening sun, which glowed upon it from an opposite window.

Dormer placed one of the small wooden chairs for his guest, and seating himself nearly opposite to him on the other—"I believe, Mr. Montague," said he, "I have guessed the kind motive which brought you hither. You have heard of the suspicions which have fallen upon the Catholic priests in this neighbourhood, and the search that is about to take place for secret and rebellious instructions supposed to be concealed by us; and, bad as your opinion of our order is, there is still one of the number you would rather should not suffer, and you generously wish to warn him of his danger. You are silent. I see it is so, and I wish I could find means to prove my gratitude to you for this, and many, many other kindnesses you have shown to me. Of this danger we have been apprized, and are prepared to meet it. We are accustomed to such suspicions, and must bear them as we best can for the sake of truth."

"I knew not of these suspicions," replied Er-

nest. "I deserve not your gratitude, Mr. Dormer. My business is entirely of a different nature."

"Is it of life and death then?" asked Dormer, with one of his sad smiles;—"for, if not, I must ask you to wait till I have looked over some papers. It is wonderful what kind of things, in my situation, may be construed into treason."

"My business *may* be of life and death," said Ernest: "but I shall wait:" and he rose and turned to the cross, to look more narrowly on its ever interesting representation. Dormer followed him with a look of alarm; but, on Ernest assuring him that a short delay would be of no consequence, he took down a small portfolio from the book-shelf, and began rapidly to look over some papers it contained, while Ernest continued alternately to regard him and the crucifix; his thoughts, as usual, being soon deeply engaged with the two subjects, which, as they then were to him, have been, and still are, to informed and reflecting minds, the most powerfully interesting which can be offered for contemplation—the permission of evil, and the astonishing means employed to overcome it. In Dormer he thought he saw the most mysterious difficulties personified,—a being panting after good, yet so under the influence of evil, as to be seeking that good in a path where he found only sorrow and dis-

appointment so deep, as to waste his very form to the pale emaciated figure which now sat before him. The setting sun shed a glow of something like health over his thin white temples as he stooped; and the representation of that which purchased redemption for men, shed a something like the light of truth over his system of religion; but neither seemed to reach his case. The expression of his countenance, as he continued to glance rapidly over his papers, was so deeply marked by mental suffering, as to betray a soul as far from peace as his person was from health. Some papers he burnt, lighting them at a taper which was placed on the hearth, for there was no fire in his room. One paper he put aside after seeming to hesitate whether or not to burn it, and that more than once.

At last the examination was finished; and, after restoring the portfolio to its place, and putting the paper he had reserved in his bosom—"Now, Mr. Montague," said he, "if it is in my power to serve you, believe me there are very few things, indeed, which would gratify me more."

"It is in your power, Mr. Dormer, and, I believe, only in yours."

Dormer warmly shook hands with Ernest. "Only tell me how, that I may do whatever you wish."

Ernest grasped his hand. "Even if your church should disapprove?"

"Nay; that I cannot promise," replied Dormer, gently. "Would Mr. Montague himself be led, even by his most esteemed friend, to act contrary to the dictates of his conscience?"

"I hope not, Mr. Dormer, were I certain the infallible word of God was the guide of my conscience."

"The word of God is also the guide of the church," replied Dormer.

"No," said Ernest, emphatically. "The word of God plainly declares, of those who do evil that good may come, 'that their damnation is just;'* but your church teaches that the end sanctifies the means. The word of God says, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' but the church of Rome says, it is justifiable to murder thousands on thousands, provided the suppression of what she calls heresy is the end aimed at. Can *you*, Mr. Dormer, in obedience to that church—can you, in the hope to produce what you call good, so blind *your* mind, as to suppose God will not require at your hands, an account of the trust,"—Ernest stopt. He could not proceed, as he looked on Dormer's calm holy countenance, who seemed mildly to await whatever he chose to say.

"Let me understand you, Mr. Montague. I

* Rom. iii. 8.

thought your were going to put it in my power to serve you," said Dormer. "If you begin by attacking my church, you must allow me to vindicate her."

"Not now, Mr. Dormer;" then again grasping his hand, but looking on the ground as he spoke:—"It is impossible, Mr. Dormer, to vindicate a church which demands from its ministers a subjection so absolute as to compel them, rather than suffer heresy from her dogmas, to involve a confiding fatherless youth under age, the only son of his newly widowed mother, the last hope of a falling house, in a desperate rebellion,—then imprison him in a convent,—and at last give him up to the merciless tribunal of the Inquisition?"

Ernest did not venture to look at Dormer, as he concluded, but turned away, and continued to gaze intently from the window.

In proportion to what we ourselves would feel were we convicted of a deed of shame, do we sympathize with those, hitherto considered worthy of esteem, who are so convicted, and still more if we are the means of that conviction; and it was long ere Ernest could turn to look at the now silent Dormer. When, at last, he did so, his stealing glance would, to an observer, have bespoken him the criminal. Dormer, however, did not see it. He sat leaning against the table, his hands covering his face. The veins in his fore-

head seemed swelled to bursting, and his deep, quick, unequal respiration, betrayed the tumult within; but he spoke not. Ernest regarded him with heartfelt affection and compassion, but he shrunk from breaking the silence. He felt as if by doing so he would assume the part of one superior in goodness, and entitled to reprove, and when the point seemed already so humbly yielded, who could have added one feeling of depression to the struggle that was agonising that lowly spirit.

At last Dormer raised his head. His eyes met Ernest's and fell under them, but instantly raising them, he said, with an expression of haughtiness and resentment:

"I would wish to be alone, Mr. Montague."

Ernest was instantly going, and bowed with an expression of respect more than was even usual with him, as he passed where Dormer still kept his seat. But the momentary feeling of sin was already checked. Dormer started up.

"What a moment for pride!" exclaimed he. "How determinately bad are the first impulses of the human heart where self-love is wounded! I give you cause to suppose I consider myself as guilty as you do, Mr. Montague; and I can only account for the pain I feel in discovering your knowledge of what you have just mentioned, by avowing how highly I have valued your good opinion, which, as you are a Protestant, I must

now lose. How you have obtained your information I cannot imagine; but since you have, I will only say, that, by divulging it to Mrs. Clarenham and her family, and making it known in this neighbourhood, you may make the family miserable,—you may oblige me to quit England,—and you may throw worse suspicions than already attaches to it, over the character of a Catholic priest; but you cannot secure the liberation, though you may increase the danger, of your young friend."

"My information led me to believe that you alone, Mr. Dormer, could procure the release of Clarenham. I have mentioned the subject only to you. I wish to be entirely guided by you; and it is impossible for me to believe you will not aid me."

"Were you a Catholic, Mr. Montague, you would believe it. I have only fulfilled the most solemn engagements in all I have done. Every feeling of my nature has struggled to overcome my sense of duty. The struggle, I feel, cannot last much longer; but I hope, whatever may happen to accelerate its end; that I may be enabled to fight the good fight, and keep the faith. There are many kinds of martyrdom, Mr. Montague; and some feelings are more dreadful than any external sufferings."

"And Clarenham," said Ernest, "who loved, who trusted you more than all the world besides;

who told me, the very last conversation I had with him, that he could not conceive himself happy, even in heaven, were you not there: Still so young, so amiable——"

"Stop, Mr. Montague," exclaimed Dormer. "Do you not see in this emaciated body the effects of such thoughts as you suggest. Do not at this moment urge me too far. Do you know what it is to feel on the verge of madness? Put your hand here."

Ernest gave his hand, and Dormer pressed it on his temples. The full throb seemed unaccountable. Ernest felt alarmed, and Dormer looked so also, but instantly took a phial from the book-shelf, and swallowed part of its contents.

"This is a desperate remedy," said he, "but it does the business,—and the body must not be regarded, when losing the command of intellect might endanger the interests of the church." He did not say what it was he had taken, but its effects were soon visible in the languor and exhaustion which stole over his countenance and person.

"Now you may say what you will, Mr. Montague, I shall not feel it deeply. At least not for a time."

"I shall say nothing, Mr. Dormer, but that I wish you knew the religion of the Bible. Yours is a dreadful service."

"I know," said Dormer, in his usual gentle manner, "that Protestants, particularly Calvinists, profess to believe that their own good works cannot avail in obtaining their salvation. Theirs may therefore be an easy service: but, my dear Mr. Montague, that is a tremendous error."

"It is an error, then, taught by every page of the Bible," replied Ernest; "but we cannot discuss that subject now. Tell me, dear Mr. Dormer, what am I to do? Must Clarenham remain in danger? I have, in some degree, been the means of bringing him into it. I intreat you for once—yield to the light of conscience—to the spirit of love and gentleness, which is the spirit of the Bible—to the dictates of honour and integrity, which your subjection to your church has led you to break through, contrary to your own better feelings. Surely, my dear Sir, if Clarenham is in error, your persuasions, your kindness, would restore him sooner than the instructions or cruelties of strangers. Who ever heard of the soul being converted by compulsion? It is an impossibility. You may compel a man to become a liar; you cannot compel him really to believe any thing."

Dormer shook his head. "Impossible—impossible, Mr. Montague. I can do nothing. The church must guide in this matter. The means she has devised must be the best. I can only submit. Was it at the risk of my own soul

that I could save his, you might succeed in turning me; but his soul is more safe where he now is, than were he here,—and, whatever it may cost me, I ought not to remove him."

At this moment a bustle and noise of approaching footsteps were heard near Dormer's apartment. He listened. Voices were now also distinguished under the windows; and a command to "surround the house, and let no one escape."

"It is the search I expected," said Dormer, "and this paper—"

"Intrust it to me," said Ernest quickly.

"No, I must not. It was weakness to preserve it; but I could not destroy what would secure Clarenham's safety. I was wrong—" Footsteps approached, and Ernest snatched the paper from him and secured it.

"What have I done," said Dormer, becoming as pale as death.

"You have done nothing," said Ernest, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Oh! my will was not against it. I have sinned." He raised his eyes with an expression of deep compunction to heaven—"If you would restore me to peace, Mr. Montague, return it to me."

"No," replied Ernest—"I shall better secure your peace by retaining it. I shall never return it till Clarenham is safe."

At this moment the door of the room was rudely burst open, and several officers of justice entered. Their leader seemed surprised on seeing Ernest, whom he knew, and who viewed his entrance with looks of displeasure. He stopt short, and then Dormer, with his usual mild dignity of manner, asked for what he came?

The man immediately showed his warrant to search the apartment, &c. and person of Clement Dormer, Catholic priest at Hallern Castle.

Ernest also read the warrant. "My friends," said he, "you must do your duty; but remember every man in England is entitled to be considered innocent till he is found guilty; and every innocent person is entitled to respect."

The men bowed, and proceeded to examine minutely every part of Dormer's small apartment. The examination went on rapidly, till the bookshelf became its object. Then each book was examined with a suspicion and minuteness which showed that the examiners expected to find what would prove the necessity of the search. Several Greek books, after Ernest having marked their names, that they might be returned, if found to contain nothing treasonable, were delivered to the attendants to be conveyed where they might be inspected by more learned eyes. The portfolio was also conveyed away. A small press

containing Dormer's linen, was also carefully and minutely examined; and, at last, the officer approached to search his person.

Dormer shrunk from this for a moment—then mildly prepared to submit to the indignity.

"Is this absolutely unavoidable?" asked Ernest.

"Absolutely so, Sir," replied the officer.

Dormer smiled faintly. "May I ask you not to leave me," said he to Ernest, who had turned away. He immediately resumed his place by him, and checked by his presence the rude coarseness of the officer.

"What have we here?" said the man at length; and Ernest's attention was as much arrested as his, on seeing, when the officer opened the breast of Dormer's shirt, that, beneath its white folds, he wore another of hair-cloth. Dormer smiled—

"Mr. Montague will tell you, my friend," said he, "that such things are common among Catholics; and are no peculiar indication of treason."

Ernest did so: but the officer seemed to consider himself obliged to examine a thing so extraordinary with scrupulous attention.

"And what is this, Sir?" asked the suspicious examiner, turning out the breast of the haircloth shirt, and discovering a large cross fixed within, so as to rest upon the heart of the wearer. "It is thick. Does it open? I must examine it,"

said the man: and Dormer unfixed it, and put it into his hand, saying gently, "I hope, my friend, you will one day, if you do not now, know its value."

The officer narrowly examined it, and Ernest observed that the side which had been turned inward was sharpened at the edges; and, on glancing towards the place where it had been worn, he saw on Dormer's side next his heart, a large red scar the form of the cross,—the wound in some places appearing unhealed. The man at last was satisfied that the cross contained no treason, and returned it to Dormer, who devoutly kissed, and then replaced it and the hard shirt upon the scar.

At last the search was concluded, and Dormer restored to his usual perfectly suitable and dignified exterior, when the officer informed him that, till his books and papers had been examined by the proper authorities, it was necessary that he should submit to be confined to his apartment, with a guard over him.

Dormer mildly acquiesced; and, as he turned from the officer, Ernest observed him raise his eyes submissively to heaven, and press the sharp cross to his heart.

The officer and his attendants now departed, excepting one strong man who was left as guard. Ernest felt inclined to remain with Dormer; for he was so well aware of the feelings by which a Roman Catholic priest was regarded by the class

to which his present jailer belonged, that he believed his presence might be of use. His impatience, however, to see the paper which was to save Clarenham, that if possible he might immediately make use of it, made him hesitate.

"May I ask you, Mr. Montague, to go to Mrs. Clarenham?" said Dormer. "She must have been alarmed."

Ernest immediately assented; but, on drawing near to ask permission to return, the guard approached, and said his instructions obliged him to prevent any secret communications.

"May I return to you, Mr. Dormer?" asked Ernest aloud.

"You would very much oblige me by doing so," replied Dormer, earnestly.

Ernest instantly promised, and then proceeded to join Mrs. Clarenham and the young party. He found all in a state of anxiety and alarm, which he with difficulty succeeded in calming. Dormer had become an object of regard and interest to the whole family. The servants had watched for Ernest's leaving his room, and followed him to the apartment in which he found the family, and all joined in intreating him to return to the prisoner. Ernest declared his purpose to spend the night in his apartment, and was thanked and blessed by all for his kindness to—"Good Father Clement—dear Father Clement—holy Father Clement."

Before returning to Dormer, however, Ernest felt anxious to examine the paper in his possession, and for that purpose walked into the park, that he might be alone. On opening it, he was disappointed on finding it written in a cipher of which he was ignorant. The only part intelligible to him was the date and signature—"Carysford Park, 1715," and—"Adrian Warrenne." In vain he attempted to decipher any other part of the paper. The only person to whom he could apply to overcome this obstacle, with any hope of success, was Dr. Lowther, who, he knew, had become master of some of those ciphers in secret use among the Romish Clergy; but he hesitated whether, by informing him, he might not involve Dormer in danger. Determining at last, however, to endeavour to get a promise of secrecy from Dr. Lowther, before he showed him the paper, Ernest hastened towards Illerton.

The difficulty in obtaining a promise of secrecy from Dr. Lowther was even greater than Ernest had anticipated: and the evening had long closed in ere the questions he had to answer, before he attained his object, were concluded: and when at last his old friend ventured, merely because he thought he might trust one in whom he had never found his confidence misplaced, and Dr. Lowther gave his promise past recal, and the paper was laid before him, which he perfectly understood,—it was still some time before Ernest

could escape from his remonstrances and intreaties.

The paper was that in which Warrenne had given Dormer instructions regarding young Clarenham's mission to the exiled king, and Dr. Lowther conceived it to be Ernest's duty immediately to make it known to the proper authorities; and this Ernest could not consent to do. At last, after making himself master of the cipher, and intrusting it to Dr. Lowther to account for his absence, he again set out for Hallern.

As he crossed the park, he observed that there were still lights in the castle; and, on approaching nearer, and looking towards the tower in which Dormer's apartment was, he observed a figure pacing slowly across the windows.

A servant was in waiting to admit him to the prisoner. He found him, with his arms folded on his breast, and an appearance of languor in his deportment which seemed to call for repose, pacing the small bounds of his apartment. Ernest apologised for his delay, and expressed surprise at not finding Dormer attempting to sleep.

"I waited for you," replied Dormer, "and have, with difficulty, resisted the call of worn out nature for rest; but it is always short with me. Your kindness, Mr. Montague, to a stranger and a Catholic, has emboldened me to encroach on your benevolence. May I ask you to remain with me while I attempt to sleep, and instantly

to awaken me when what is refreshing seems past, and the misery of the mind has again regained its ascendancy over the misery of the body."

Ernest, much moved, gave his promise; and Dormer, after grasping his hand with a look expressive of the deepest feeling of his kindness, threw himself on his hard pallet. Ernest placed himself so as to screen him from the light of the lamp; and soon his sleep was so profound and still, that as Ernest looked on his thin pale countenance, it seemed calmed into the repose of death. Not a sound broke the silence, except, at intervals, the change of posture of the guard, and even he seemed to move with caution. Whatever had passed between him and Dormer, he seemed now to regard his prisoner with compassion. He had been amply supplied with provisions, which he had evidently not spared; but while Dormer slept, they continued on the table before him untouched. On the same table lay two pistols; the jailer's hand rested on one of them; and the light shone full on his coarse bronzed features, expressive only of the feelings of human nature in their rudest state. In the further end of the room, the light of the moon was brighter than that of the lamp, and added to the feeling of stillness. Ernest sometimes stopt breathing, to listen whether Dormer breathed.

This calm sleep continued for about two hours.

Dormer then began to appear disturbed, and once or twice uttered a few indistinct words. Ernest stooped over him, and laid his hand gently on his arm.

"Yes, yes—I am ready!" exclaimed he instantly. "Take me in his place. He is so young. Harshness never succeeded with him."

Ernest now perceived why Dormer had dreaded falling asleep when left alone with his guard, and instantly attempted to awaken him; but worn out nature was still unsatisfied; and, before he succeeded, Dormer exclaimed—

"Is it for giving up the paper? I did not give it, Father." And again, "Will they not release him? Father Adrian will find means to compel them. Penance! I care not for penance—let it be as severe as you will—but I gave it not, though I felt joy. I confess it, Father—I felt joy. Not absolve me? Dreadful! Horrible!"

The uneasiness of awaking against the inclinations of nature rapidly supplied painful images, and when, at last, Ernest succeeded in his attempts, Dormer's countenance expressed a mixture of anguish and horror. The guard had approached, and muttered, as he stood over his now conscious prisoner—

"Ay, ay, all the same—some black popish work."

"Have you allowed me to speak?" asked Dormer, with quickness and alarm.

"Not a word that I could prevent," answered Ernest.

"Nothing that can injure you," said the guard,—"but I have heard men say, that a clean breast and the gallows before you, was easier than a foul breast though nobody knew it. Make a clean breast, Sir. It is the only thing will give you peace."

"You are right, my friend," replied Dormer, with his usual mildness. "There can be no peace with a guilty conscience; but I believe you mistake in my case."

"I hope so, Sir," answered the man, doubtingly. He, however, returned to his seat, and now began to make up for his lost time by commencing a hearty meal, keeping his eyes fixed on his prisoner and Ernest. The latter was attempting to persuade Dormer again to sleep.

"No, no," replied he. "I have had all I require to prevent my being overcome by my exhausted body." He looked wretchedly ill, and acknowledged that he felt so, but positively declined again lying down.

"But you, Mr. Montague," said he, "must now leave me. I never meant to deprive you of a whole night's rest; and, if you return by the passage which leads to this room, you will find,

just at its entrance, a door opening into an apartment prepared for you."

"I will not sleep to-night," answered Ernest, "unless," glancing towards the iron bed, "I try to do so on this Roman Catholic couch."

Dormer smiled, and seemed pleased, but said, "You would not sleep on a first trial."

Ernest stretched himself upon the bed, and felt that it was not only hard, but that there were bars across to render it uneven also.

"No, indeed, I could not sleep till after many trials," said he, again rising; "but is it possible, Mr. Dormer, you can suppose such treatment of your body renders you more holy in the sight of God?"

"Certainly. You know St. Paul says, 'I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.'"

"True, my dear Sir, but surely not by such means. St. Paul says, 'If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the flesh, ye shall live.' It was by the grace of the Spirit of God that he was enabled to govern his body, and to resist and overcome those sinful inclinations which would have impeded his course in that heavenward race which he was describing. Any other subjection of the body but to the guidance of the soul, influenced by the grace of God, seems to me to no purpose; and I think St. Paul says the same when he speaks of ordinances of men, 'which

have a show of wisdom in will worship and humility, and neglecting of the body.'"

"The subjection of the body to the spirit is assuredly the end at which all sincere Catholics aim in all their mortifications," replied Dormer. "Our objection to the Protestant view of the subject, is, that they use no means to attain the end they allow to be necessary."

"You say *sincere* Catholics," said Ernest. "You must allow me to say, that *sincere* Protestants do continually use means for the attainment of that end."

"I know no Protestant whom I should consider more perfectly sincere than Mr. Montague," replied Dormer. "He has seen one of my methods of seeking that end; I should like to know one of his."

Ernest reddened, and glanced towards the guard.

Dormer smiled. "I would not ask your confidence farther than you felt disposed to give it me, Mr. Montague; but though, on that point, it was given me in the plainest English, I believe it would be as unintelligible to some ears as if it were in Greek."

"I believe so too," replied Ernest, again reddening; then, after a short pause,—"I think," said he, "Christ has mentioned two ways of avoiding sin—'watching and prayer.' If we watch what our peculiar dispositions find to be

temptations to sin, and pray for grace to enable us to avoid and resist those temptations, and continue to join watchfulness with prayer, we are, I think, following the directions of Christ, and shall succeed in attaining our end; we are also, in this way, subjecting our bodies to the guidance of our spirits, while they are depending on Him, without whom, we are assured by Himself, 'we can do nothing.'"

"But *he* speaks of self-denial, and of taking up the cross daily," replied Dormer.

"Certainly; but it is the cross he sends I am to take up and bear, not one of my own creating; and I am to deny my own inclinations when they would stand in the way of obedience to Him; not to make a merit with Him by mortifying them, merely because they are my natural inclinations."

Dormer was silent.

"My idea is simply this," continued Ernest; "by believing in Christ, and receiving him as my Saviour, I receive him as a complete Saviour. He is infinitely perfect in all his works, and is so also in his character and work as a Saviour. I do not add any of my imperfect doings to that all-perfect work. I lay the accomplishment of my salvation wholly into His hands. I trust the everlasting safety of my soul entirely to him. In so far as I, from weakness of faith, or natural pride, withdraw this trust, and attempt to be my

own Saviour, I dishonour him, and act as a fool; for without him, he has himself assured me, I can do nothing."

"But thus, my dear Mr. Montague, you do away the necessity of good works. If Christ is to work out your whole salvation, why are you exhorted to work out your own salvation?"

"Let us have the whole passage," replied Ernest. "St. Paul says to the Philippian church, 'Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.'* Paul exhorts this church not to rest on his presence for assistance, but to continue, as they had done in his absence, to regard the matter of salvation as between themselves and God. He wrought in them both *to will and to do*, and it was their part, disregarding all that man could do for them, to unite themselves with God in that work. This is exactly what I desire to do. I have received Christ as my Saviour, not, as our divines say, 'in my sins, but from my sins.' I desire to follow his guidance of me—to study his providences regarding me—to receive his chastisements—to bear his cross—to wait on him for his grace—all in order to purify and pre-

* Phil. ii. 12, 13.

pare me for himself—and while attempting, in dependence on his grace, to follow his footsteps, and to walk even as he walked, I am not, as our divines also say, 'working for life, but working from life.'"

Dormer was again silent and thoughtful for a time, then said emphatically: "Christians of different communions ought to associate more together. They would then know what true charity, true love for mankind is. A year ago I should not have believed it possible that I could have felt as I now do in conversing with a heretic—a Calvinist. Yet, my dear Mr. Montague, I must think any error, whoever holds it, most fatally dangerous, which at all lessens the necessity of exertion on our part; and deeply as I believe you feel on the subject, and highly as I know 'your works praise you,' yet the system you have adopted—the system of Calvinism, assuredly does so."

"Surely you misunderstand me," replied Ernest. "We do not deny the necessity of exertion on our part—we only deny that any exertion on our part can have the smallest efficacy in justifying our souls before God. We say that a perfect righteousness only can justify; that ours is never perfect; and that the perfect righteousness of Christ is that on which we rest our hopes of justification. Calvinists, too, perhaps look more into the heart, the source of action, for evidences

of their state before God, than merely to their works; yet facts prove that Calvinists, and Calvinistic communities, attain to as high, or higher perfection in works, than those who differ from them. The Calvinist believes that he must, as Christ says 'be born again,' before he can see even the nature of 'the kingdom of God,' and before he can make any exertion pleasing to God. A Calvinist, therefore, tries his own character by that given in the Bible of one who is born of the Spirit. 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'* The possession of these graces and virtues are the only evidences to a Calvinist, that he is born of the Spirit—that he has the Spirit of Christ. And he knows that if he 'has not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'† And that if he is not Christ's, 'he is without hope, and without God in the world.' It appears to me, my dear Sir, that the works a Calvinist regards as necessary to prove to himself that he is even in the path of safety, are more pure and spiritual than those which are regarded by your church, and by many ignorant Protestants, as sufficient to justify them in the sight of God."

Dormer held out his hand, and said, smiling, "I see you feel the necessity of good works as

* Gal. v. 22. † Rom. viii. 9.

much as I do. I shall soon believe that real Christians differ merely in words."

"Not quite perhaps at this moment," replied Ernest; "but I hope before we leave this world of darkness and error, we shall both have built our hope on that one foundation which cannot disappoint us; and if on that we have also attempted to build 'wood, hay, stubble,'—the day, 'the bright day of truth,' shall reveal to us our errors, and destroy them; but we shall, on that 'rock of ages,' still be safe."

"God grant it may be so!" said Dormer fervently.

"The morning sun shone brightly into the little apartment, gilding the edges of the crucifix as it stood between Ernest and the glowing sky. Dormer had revived while conversing on that subject which seemed for him always full of interest, but now he informed Ernest that his hour of prayer was come; and that the presence of no one must prevent his observing it. Ernest immediately, though reluctantly, took leave; and Dormer, kneeling before the crucifix, in the presence of his jailer, spent the next hours in devotion.

CHAPTER XI.

"Beati coloro, che lavan le loro stole nel sangue dell Agnello; affine d'aver diritto all' albero della vita, e entrar per le porte nella citta."

Martini's Trans.—Rev. xxii. 14.

On Ernest returning to Hallern Castle the following forenoon, he found that, about an hour before, Dormer's books and papers had been restored to him; and as nothing had appeared to justify the suspicions entertained, he was again at liberty, and had gone out. Ernest heard also that the search made at Carysford Park had ended in the same manner. He determined, therefore, immediately to proceed thither, demand an interview with Warrenne, and insist on his instantly procuring the release of young Clarenham.

When Ernest had nearly reached the gate leading into the Carysford grounds, he observed Dormer approaching, and immediately quickened his horse's pace to meet and congratulate him

Dormer, however, seemed to feel no pleasure on perceiving him, and received his cordial congratulations as if he heard them not, and then asked anxiously—whether Ernest was proceeding to the park?

"I am," replied Ernest; "and if you will allow me, I shall call at Hallern on my return, and tell you what has passed."

"If you feel disposed to do so, Mr. Montague, I shall be prepared to listen to whatever you have to say." Dormer seemed to wish to say more, but after breathing a heavy sigh or rather groan, he rode on.

Ernest felt surprised, and also proceeded on his way, attempting, as he went, to account for what had passed; and thought he had done so, when he recollected that Dormer had himself probably been with Warrenne to acknowledge the loss of the paper, and that the displeasure of his superior now hung heavy on his thoughts.

On Ernest reaching the house and giving his name, he was immediately shown into an apartment, not such as that in which Warrenne had received his inferior brother, but one almost as poorly furnished as Dormer's. Here Warrenne received Ernest with extreme politeness. Two young men in clerical habits were in the apartment, busied apparently in study. Warrenne placed a chair for Ernest with his back towards

them. He had, however, observed that they were two very strong, athletic-looking young men; and the thought had crossed his mind—"Will fasting and penance reduce these robust youths to the state in which Dormer now is?"

"I wish to speak to you on business of a private nature," said Ernest coldly to Warrenne.

"I believe I know its nature," replied he, with politeness, but with an air of indifference. "Mr. Dormer, the priest of Hallern, has been with me. He has thought too seriously of this matter. My two young brothers were present when he was with me. His gloomy disposition has on this, as on other occasions, left an impression on his mind regarding the contents of the paper he mentioned, which they do not convey. If you understood the cipher, Mr. Montague, you would be aware of this."

"The paper has been deciphered to me," replied Ernest, coldly. "Its contents, I imagine, must convey the same impression to every one."

Warrenne looked incredulous. "Dormer informed you that it would insure the object which you, Mr. Montague, wish to attain; but all your information on this subject has been with a view to deceive you. It is without foundation. It is absurd."

Ernest rose. "I shall not allow myself to be

deceived now," said he. "I know the contents of the paper, and shall merely say, that they shall be made known to government, unless you immediately give me your written promise, witnessed by these gentlemen, that young Clarenham shall return to his friends before two months are past."

Warrenne smiled. "If you know the contents of the paper, Mr. Montague, may I at least beg of you to make me acquainted with them?"

Ernest did so.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Warrenne. "I cannot believe it. Dormer has been dreaming, and your decipherer has imposed on you.—Nothing short of seeing my own signature to such a document could make me credit its existence; and even that would only convince me that my enemies had succeeded in producing what might ruin me."

"You know your own cipher, I suppose," said Ernest, taking out the paper.

The instant he unfolded it, so as to discover the cipher, his arms were seized from behind by the two young men, and Warrenne himself darted forward to snatch the paper. Ernest was, however, powerful and active in person. He firmly grasped the paper, and, with a violent struggle, freeing his arm, levelled one of the young men to the floor; then flinging off the

other, he seized Warrenne, who was making towards a bell near where he had sat, and placing himself so as to prevent its being rung—

"I see your intended villany!" exclaimed he, "and also your consciousness of guilt: but recollect my words, for they shall be kept."

He then pushed Warrenne from him to the opposite side of the room; and seeing the young man he had knocked down, again on his feet, he glanced towards the window, and, perceiving that it was near the ground, he flung open the casement, and leaped from it. His horse and servant he saw not far distant, and hurried towards them. He had scarcely mounted, when a crowd of servants issued from the house, and rushed forward to stop him: but, putting spurs to his horse, and not regarding throwing down one or two who attempted to get in front of him, he was soon clear of the grounds of Carysford Park, and began to slacken his pace, and think of what had happened.

All had passed so rapidly, it seemed scarcely a reality; and he took out the precious paper, to be certain that it was still in his possession. It now struck him that Dormer must have known of the intended plan of forcing the paper from him, should he go to Carysford Park; and, recollecting his looks, and the groan of anguish with which he had parted from him, he could again trace the struggle between his feeling and

his subjection to his church: but, as Dormer seemed to regard it as a duty to confess every thing to his superior, Ernest, though he longed to tell him what had passed, as he felt certain it would only give him pleasure, thought it prudent to inform him no further till he had decided his plan of proceeding. His determination was, to proceed to Rome the instant he had procured a written promise from Warrenne to release his young friend, and himself accompany him home. For this he must gain his father's consent; and that he was sure he would not obtain, unless he made him acquainted with the whole affair.

While engaged in these thoughts, Ernest, in passing through Hallern village, had a note slipped into his hand by a woman who had first attracted his notice by walking for a part of the way close to his horse. On opening the note, he discovered it to be from Ainsworth, and containing a request to meet him that evening, in the same wood in which they had formerly met. Ernest determined to proceed no further till this meeting was over: and on returning to Illerton, attempted to gain all the information in his power from Dr. Lowther, who was well acquainted with the manner of proceeding and history of the Inquisition.

Ainsworth, in the same disguise as formerly, was at the place of meeting when Ernest reached it.

"Have you done any thing for my master, Sir?" was his first question.

Ernest informed him of all he thought necessary, and the poor man wept for joy.

"Oh, Sir," said he, "every thing will do but your leaving the country. You must not, Sir. Father Adrian might go abroad—he might leave Father Clement to bear all—Sir, you *must* find means to keep him in England."

"But Ainsworth, by leaving England, and throwing all blame on Mr. Dormer, he would equally ruin the cause of his order in this country."

"No, Sir, no. But you do not understand these things; and now we have not time. Father Adrian must not leave the country, Sir. My master will never come back if he does; and nothing but your written promise of secrecy regarding what has passed, and also to return his paper when my master is restored to his family, will be sufficient to make him feel secure, and remain in England; and your presence, Sir, to watch his motions. Besides, Mr. Ernest, you would not know how to proceed at Rome, and I know every thing. Trust me, Sir, to bring home my young master, and be intreated to remain on the watch here. Do not say any thing to Father Clement. Let him gain his information from Father Adrian. Believe me, Sir, the more quiet every thing is kept the better. Your absence

would lead to inquiries and talking. I can be at Rome sooner than you. I know where my master is; I shall set out immediately. Ask nothing from Father Adrian, but that my master shall return. Leave the means to him, and my master's comfort to me."

Ernest thought for a little—"I believe you are right, Ainsworth; I think I may be satisfied that he cannot have one with him who loves him more devotedly."

The man was moved. "You, too, love him, Sir, but not in the right way for his soul."

It was then determined that Ainsworth should set out on his return immediately to Rome, and that Ernest should write what was necessary to Warrenne; and they separated.

In two days Ernest was in possession of Warrenne's written promise to procure the release of Clarenham; in return for which he gave his written promise of secrecy, and to restore the paper in cipher immediately after his young friend rejoined his family; and, in order to secure instant intelligence, if Warrenne made any attempt to leave the country, Ernest so far confirmed Maria Clarenham's suspicions regarding him, as to inform her, that he had reason to believe that he was, in some degree, the cause of her brother's absence, and intrusting to her the easy task of inducing young Carysford to keep a constant watch upon his motions, and instantly prevent

him, should he make any attempt to leave Carysford Park.

Again all went on as before at Hallern Castle. Young Carysford was still a daily visitor, each day, to complain of his father's determination to treat him with the repulsive haughtiness of newly-assumed authority, and still to be lectured or charmed into submission by Maria. Again the evenings were spent by Maria and Adeline as formerly; and Lady Montague also sought to win Mrs. Clarenham's thoughts from the sad subjects by which they were occupied, by her kindness and cheerfulness; and had the happiness to observe, that she succeeded in leading her cousin to brighter hopes than had hitherto been indulged by her timid and depressed spirit. Dormer and Ernest again joined Lady Montague and her friend in those conversations in which the subjects most interesting to all were alone introduced; and each felt the sweetness and profitableness of Christian communion, though each felt also the imperfection of the purest earthly intercourse, while conscious that on some points it was necessary, even in the most confidential moments, to observe silence and reserve.

Dormer and Ernest, however, now felt that they perfectly understood each other; and though each regarded his friend as in error, and in dangerous error, yet each believed in the other's perfect sincerity; and while anxious to commu-

nicate his own views, so as to convince his friend of the truth as he saw it, still the warmest affection and esteem existed on both sides. Dormer, however, seemed on the way to know first who was in the right. His strength decreased daily; but still, determined to fulfil his duty as priest of Hallern, no intreaties would induce him to spare himself.

"Why should I not die at my post?" replied he to Ernest's anxious remonstrances.

"But a little rest—a little ease—would keep you longer at your post. We are not entitled to throw away life."

"The church gives no instructions such as these," replied Dormer. "I remember none in Scripture; but I read of 'working while it is called to-day,' and of that 'night coming, when no man can work.'"

This conversation passed as Ernest accompanied Dormer to his apartment, after having met him returning from the village almost overpowered by weakness and fatigue.

On entering Dormer's little apartment, Ernest was startled on observing that near his iron bed there was now placed a coffin. He stood fixed, gazing upon it. For a time he resisted the admission of the thoughts inspired by the sight; and when he could no longer do so—and the truth, that Dormer felt he could not live, forced

itself upon him, he was so completely overcome, that he had no power to restrain his feelings.

Dormer was moved. "There was one being on earth," said he, after a few moments of silent emotion, "who, I once thought, would, for a time at least, feel a blank in the world if I was called away. His affections I have been compelled to alienate from me. It is strange to feel consolation in the belief that we excite grief in others,—yet so it is,—and at this moment, Mr. Montague, I feel oppressed by a sense of gratitude to you, for kindness so undeserved on my part."

Ernest could on no occasion find words to express his deeper feelings, and now continued silent, while his flushed forehead, and firm-closed mouth, betrayed the effort he made to maintain the composure he had struggled to regain.

"I felt a strange shrinking from the foolish gloomy accompaniments of death," resumed Dormer, "in consequence, I suppose, of my weak state of body; and, as you know it is my way to use means for the attainment of the ends I wish, I had this brought here, (pointing to the coffin,) to familiarize myself to what long association has rendered so much an object of gloom; and even that association I have found wonderfully powerful in giving to this last depository the greatest effect in solemnizing the thoughts."

"It does indeed," replied Ernest, relieving his breast by a long drawn, heavy sigh.

"Yes," continued Dormer, "when I lay myself in this coffin for my hours of rest,—and all is dark around me,—and I feel its narrow bounds,—and recollect all that is combined with being laid in it for my last long sleep—Oh! my thoughts are too, too clearly on the verge of eternity. I could sometimes pray even for annihilation—the future seems so awfully momentous! The question—Am I safe? without an answer. The past so worthless, so mispent, so inconceivably, so madly regardless of the bearing time must have upon eternity!"

Ernest fixed his eyes intently on Dormer.

"And at such moments," asked he, "on what can you rest your hope? Do those penances—those self-inflictions—those acts of charity—those pious feelings and endeavours, which your church teaches are to secure your justification at the bar of Christ, return to your recollection so as to give you courage to meet your Judge, with feelings of peace and security?"

"The church teaches that it is best for the departing soul not to be secure," replied Dormer.

"But may I ask you to answer my question, at least with regard to hope, if not security?" said Ernest.

"Yes, provided you do not take my answer as one which would apply to those who are really holy men in the Catholic Church. For me, no penance—no mortification—no fasting—no means

I have ever attempted, and I believe few ev
have attempted more, who had to support t
external character imposed on our order,—n
thing has succeeded. Sin still reigns, mingle
triumphs in all I do, and seems to laugh at ever
effort I make to overcome it. On looking bac
therefore, in those awful moments, nothing r
turns but sin."

"In what, then, my dear Sir, do you find
refuge from despair?"

"'Tis strange," replied Dormer, "how at suc
moments, one doctrine of our faith stands fort
so as to throw all the others into distance and in
significance. The vastness of that sense of wan
felt by the soul seems instinctively to cling to th
infinite vastness of the means appointed by Go
to supply it. The death of the Son of God seem
alone sufficient to blot out sins so aggravated an
innumerable:—the righteousness of the Son
God alone so spotless as to answer the deman
of the perfect law of God. Christ is seen to ha
wrought the work alone,—and then the soul as
—for whom was it wrought? For man,—for a
men,—for whosoever will: and for a time, a gl
rious triumphant moment, the soul forgets
but its Almighty Saviour, and its own safety,
and can say,—'my Lord, my Saviour, my hop
my all. My own righteousnesses, when I remem
ber them in the light of that spotless holines
appear as a covering of filthy rags. Purge aw

their filth as thou wilt, I lay myself wholly into thy hands.' "

"You are, my dearest Sir, in those triumphant glorious moments, a Calvinist, a Bible Christian," exclaimed Ernest, an expression of joy lighting up his countenance. "You once asked me whether Calvinists could believe a Roman Catholic might be truly and devotedly religious: at this moment I do."

"Nay, nay, I am no Calvinist," replied Dormer; "but if you agree in what I have just said, you are a Catholic; for I have said that I resigned my soul to that purification which your church teaches is unnecessary."

"You have said that you desired to resign your soul to Christ, as its only Saviour," said Ernest; "and that is what every Bible Christian does for both life and death."

Dormer smiled. "I do not wish to differ from you, Mr. Montague; but this one thing I feel assured of, that some change must take place on my soul ere it can enter heaven. What produces that change our church has decided to be a point into which we ought not to inquire. And I am glad it has done so; because I feel pleasure in resigning its nature,—all, into the hands of Christ."

"I should not dread the purgatory in which you believe, my dear Sir," said Ernest smiling. "Yet," added he seriously, "it is a pernicious

error to teach that there is any purgatory. It is contrary to Scripture; because, if Christ's death, as you believe, was an all-sufficient atonement for sin,—to make man suffer also for that sin is either a contradiction, or an assertion that more suffering is inflicted than is necessary."

"I believe you are in error on this point; but I cannot argue with you," said Dormer gently. "At this moment I would rather not differ from you about any thing."

"Speak to me, then, about your own health, my dear Sir," said Ernest. "Will you not consult a physician?"

"I have done so already," replied Dormer.

Ernest looked anxiously for his saying more.

"I will acknowledge to you, Mr. Montague, that, for some days after I was informed by Father Adrian of what had passed between you and him,—that the paper was still in your possession, and that he had written letters which would restore Basil Clarenham to safety,—for some days after I knew all this, I felt such a weight, such a mortal weight, taken from my mind and thoughts, that it seemed as if health, and peace, and enjoyment, were restored to me; but still this relief from anxiety had no healing effect on this poor frame. The precautions I had taken against the worst of maladies, had destroyed its powers. As misery had done before, joy only increased the rapidity of their decay. I cannot sleep. I every

day become weaker; and my physician gives me no hope of recovery, but from using means which I do not feel at liberty to use. Perfect idleness —complete relaxation—and such means, he confesses, only promise an uncertain cure. He has in vain endeavoured to reduce the fever which continually preys upon me; and I feel that I am hurrying on to death. I have no other wish. What charm can life have for me, or for any Catholic priest who devotes himself to his duty? All my desire is to labour incessantly while I am able. Why should I spend the little time left me, in trying, by the indulgence of this decaying body, to continue it a little longer, a clog to my soul, and a useless burden on the earth? No, no: The grave is the only place where it is not sin for a priest to indulge in rest."

Ernest made no reply—He could not.

Dormer had, on entering his room, sunk down exhausted on his hard bed. Ernest sat beside him, and the coffin was at their feet. Ernest now stooped forward over it.

"Is this strange bed hard too?" asked he, putting aside a covering of haircloth which seemed to conceal somewhat which raised the inner part of the coffin. It was a thick layer of ashes.

Ernest looked up. "For what is this, my dear Sir?"

"A means of humiliation," replied Dormer. "You know I regard it as a duty to make the

body partake sensibly of mortification. These ashes are my bed, and that haircloth is my covering, when I am employed in those meditations on death which I have described to you."

Ernest again looked thoughtfully down on the coffin and its accompaniments, then said emphatically, "How selfish is it to wish to detain you amongst these 'beggarly elements!' How inexpressibly rapturous to you will that moment be, which at once will convince you that faith in Christ completely justifies—that being absent from the body is to be present with the Lord—and that to be present with Him is to be holy, to be 'like Him!'"

"How confidently you speak regarding me," replied Dormer. "How can you so greatly reprobate, so utterly condemn a church, one of whose least worthy members you believe to be far more secure of heaven than he almost can venture to hope for himself?"

"Because, my dear Sir, that member of the fallen and corrupted church of Rome has built his hope, not on what she teaches, but on that sure foundation which cannot fail him; and that, amidst so much of the darkness and error which his church teaches, that the light which he follows proves its divine origin by overcoming them all. Built on this foundation, Scripture declares the soul to be safe. You, my dear Sir, have attempted to make your hope more secure by add-

ing your own inventions;—an iron bed,—a coffin with ashes,—a haircloth shirt,—a wounding cross,—nights without rest, subjection of your mind to your fellow-men: but when everlasting day shall dawn upon your soul, its light will show the vanity of such trifles, when it is attempted by them to make more perfect the finished work of the Son of God; and all this painful labour shall be lost—shall require forgiveness. And those of your church who, disregarding the true foundation, built their all on this rubbish——"

"Too, too many do," interrupted Dormer.

"They are taught to do so," said Ernest.

"Not by me—never by me," interrupted Dormer warmly.

"I believe not," resumed Ernest; "but they are by the men to whom you subject the guidance of your spirit. What else does Warrenne teach? You must have observed how that poor deluded girl, Catherine Clarenham, is led by him to suppose herself a saint—a peculiar favourite of heaven, in consequence of her observance of those unscriptural trifles; while the poor thing is vain and full of self-importance, and irritable and impatient when crossed or opposed in the most unimportant matter."

"Poor child!" said Dormer, and sighed deeply, but immediately changed the subject.

CHAPTER XII.

"Un solo Signore, una sola fede—"
Martini's Trans.—Ephes. iv. 5.

Days and weeks again had passed away, and still each member of the family at Hallern felt, till Clarenham returned, as if waiting and hoping for that which was to relieve them from the languor and anxiety which accompanied their continued uncertainty respecting him. Still each day so much resembled the preceding one, that time passed away imperceptibly; for it is strange, but true, that those days, most full of interest and events, and during which there has been no time for weariness, seem longer in retrospect, than those in which no event or variety has occurred to mark their course.

During this period, the rebellion in Scotland had been so powerfully opposed, that the most sanguine of those who had hoped for the restora-

tion of the Stuarts had now given up that hope. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Carysford; and as his visions of new honours and royal favour to his house gave place to less splendid realities, his hopes and affections again rested more entirely on his son; and notwithstanding Warrenne's efforts to prevent it, he, at times, expressed to Lady Carysford his regret at losing so amiable a young creature as Maria Clarenham for a daughter. This was immediately repeated by his mother to young Carysford, whose spirits were as rapidly raised as depressed, and his affection and restored gaiety seemed to give Sir Thomas new life.

During this time of tedious anxiety to the inmates of Hallern Castle, the cloud which seemed to rest upon them was made still darker by the evident approach of the King of Terrors to deprive them of one, whose ministrations amongst them had won to him the veneration and love of the whole family. Dormer, every day, became more and more weak. When no longer able to discharge his duties in the village, he made himself be carried out on the lawn to meet his people, who, crowding round his couch, listened to his solemn and affectionate expostulations—sometimes with attention so deep as to suppress all emotion, at other times with sobs and tears. The Clarenhams and Montagues were often at such times amongst the listeners; and once, when he

was carried to the verge of the park, that some old people might be able to come and hear his last instructions, Sir Herbert Montague and Dr. Lowther were seen stealing to the spot, and, concealed by some bushes, listening with evident emotion to the dying Catholic priest. Now, however, Dormer taught only the simple, powerful truths of the gospel. In listening to him, the Bible Christian alone could have recognised his creed.

At length this exertion was also too much for Dormer's strength, and he became too weak to leave his room. Death seemed fast approaching; and Ernest watched his couch, from day to day, with increasing feelings of interest and affection; while Dormer confided to him, without reserve, his hopes and fears—his thoughts and feelings in moments of darkness, and also at those times when faith enabled him to view the near withdrawing of that veil which separates between time and eternity, with calmness and hope.

One day, on which Ernest had been prevented seeing him till towards evening, Dormer, after receiving him with even more than his usual kindness and confiding affection, said, "I had but one earthly wish, my dear Mr. Montague. That was, once more to see Clarenham. That wish will not, I think, be granted. You can tell him that I have not given him cause to abhor my memory without myself suffering. His forgive-

ness would have calmed my last hour as much as any thing earthly could."

"You have that forgiveness, I am certain," replied Ernest; "And I hope you will still receive it from himself."

"No," replied Dormer—"No, dear Ernest—my physician has permitted me this evening to receive the last rites of the church. I desire no earthly interruption after that is over."

It was now evening; and, though the weakness and brokenness of Dormer's voice seemed to justify the opinion of his physician, yet his mind seemed so calm, and clear, and present, that Ernest could scarcely believe all was so near a change. He made no reply, but continued looking earnestly at Dormer, who lay, supported by pillows, on his hard pallet—his eyes raised to heaven, or at times speaking a few words of kindness to Ernest, or repeating aloud the Latin prayers of some holy men of his order. Ernest did not feel satisfied. He had witnessed the last moments of many dying Christians of his own church, and it now seemed unsuitable, at such a time, to abide by human forms of prayer. The words were excellent; but, to a Calvinist, no words short of inspiration seem strong enough to lean upon, when entering "the valley of the shadow of death."

Dormer's hand was in his—it was cold, and the pulse low and unequal. Ernest leant towards

him, and repeated the words—"When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; because thou art with me, and thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Dormer turned towards him. "I am in that valley, Ernest,—I wish I could say I fear no evil. Sin is that which gives its awful gloom to the shadow of approaching death. We know not, Ernest, what sin is till that shadow is upon us."

"But we have a promise," replied Ernest, "that as our day is, so shall our strength be. We cannot see the nature of sin so clearly as Christ saw it when he died in our room. Our seeing its vileness more clearly does not prove us more sinful; it only ought to make us cling more closely to Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and who makes his grace sufficient to meet every situation in which he places his people."

"Yes," replied Dormer, "if they are of those who merit that grace."

"Merit grace!" repeated Ernest: "My dear Sir, what do you mean? What you *merit* is no more grace, it is debt. What can you mean?"

"I mean that I look for nothing, because I deserve nothing. I humbly resign myself as a lost sinner to Christ, to save me as he will. My mind is at this moment more vividly clear than ever. It suffers a dreadful struggle between terror and hope. Oh! what a tremendous thought

is that of judgment! Final judgment! A sentence for eternity! To appear before Omniscient Purity! To give an account of the deeds done in the body! To give an account of my ministry,—the care I have taken of souls—of immortal souls! if I have deceived—if I have misled,—to have their blood upon me! Oh! who would undertake such a charge if he saw its importance as I now see it."

Ernest paused before he replied. Dormer's state of mind was new to him; and, while he wished to speak comfort, he felt at a loss how to proceed. During his evening conversations with him, he had constantly been distressed by observing the confusion which prevailed in his mind on that most important of all points, the justification of the soul before God. This proceeded from the variance which existed between what he learned from Scripture, amply confirmed by his own experience, and the dogmas taught by his church. At one time Dormer would, in language, every word of which was felt and understood by Ernest, declare his hope of salvation to rest on the atonement and merits of the Son of God: at another he would express as much dread and anxiety at the thought of appearing at the judgment-seat of Christ, as if his salvation depended entirely on the account he could then give of his own works. Often had Ernest laboured to prove the inconsistency of his faith

and of his fears. "If your justification shall depend on its being found that you have obeyed any law," he would say, "then shall you have saved yourself. If Christ is your Saviour, then must he be a complete Saviour. If you venture to the judgment-seat of Christ, to be judged according to his pure law, then you must perish, 'for by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight.' If you believe in Christ for your justification, then are you dead to the law: It can demand nothing from you. Faith in Christ makes you one with Him. He died not for himself: He died for you. He obeyed the law in your place: 'You are complete in Him.' All you have to do is to examine, on Scripture grounds, whether you believe in Him. 'To those who believe, Christ is precious.' Is he precious to you? Those who believe, 'delight in the law of God, after the inner man;' and though they know the truth too well to say, 'we have no sin,' yet it is their load. 'They groan' under its influence, 'being burdened.' They cry out with St. Paul, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!'"

Dormer would listen with delight while Ernest thus spoke to the feelings and experience of his mind, and would thankfully acknowledge the possession of those evidences of faith: But still

his church taught, in direct contradiction to St. Paul's plainest declaration, that it was a dangerous error to believe that faith alone justified the soul. St. Paul says, 'We, being justified by faith, have peace with God.'—'By grace are ye saved, through faith.'—'Ye are all the children of God, through faith in Christ Jesus.' And Christ's own words are,—'He that believeth in me shall never perish. This is the work of God, that ye believe in Him whom he hath sent. He that believeth in me is not condemned. He that believeth in me hath passed from death unto life.'

Dormer's church, however, not giving her members the Scriptures to judge for themselves, have also given the character, favourable to their own usurpation of power over their consciences, to the doctrine of faith. The Bible teaches that the faith which unites the soul to Christ, and justifies, necessarily receives from that union His spirit to produce that new heart whose nature it is to bring forth good works. But the Church of Rome confounds the faith which justifies, with its effects: and teaches, that, in addition to resting your faith on Christ's finished work for salvation, you must do so and so yourself. Dormer had subjected his mind to these unscriptural doctrines of his church; and, while his awakened conscience showed him the imperfections of his best performances, and his heart

clung in love and adoration to the Saviour of sinners, still his church demanded from him a round of observances, which he had indeed attempted to fulfil, but which, on looking back, had been accompanied by so many sins of heart, that he dared not plead them as having any merit before him who looked only to the heart.

Ernest now again attempted to combat these dangerous errors,—errors which have made most miserable the last days of many awakened Catholics. Dormer listened, while Ernest easily proved to him, what he so powerfully felt, that every attempt to rest our hopes on our own sinful works must fail at the hour of death, when the soul knows any thing of the comprehensiveness and holiness of the law of God. Our own works are then "shorter than a man can stretch himself upon them, narrower than that he can wrap himself in them."

Dormer agreed, and was listening to the truths of the gospel brought forward by Ernest, with ejaculations to heaven that he might be found interested in their peace-giving declarations, when a servant softly entered to say that Father Adrian was come.

"Why suffer him to disturb you, my dear Sir?" said Ernest, rising as the servant retired, and leaning in sorrow over Dormer; "Oh! trust your soul to Him who can alone prepare it for Himself."

"Scripture commands this last unction," replied Dormer, looking with an expression of mingled affection and sorrow at Ernest. "Farewell. After Father Adrian has been with me, I shall regard myself as separated from all in this world. Farewell, kind, dear Ernest." He held out his arms, and made an effort to embrace Ernest, who folded his arms around him, and wept upon his breast. Dormer laid his hand upon his head, and prayed that God would keep him in the truth,—or lead him into it where he still might err,—and again unite them to each other, where there was no more darkness, no more sorrow, no more separation.

Footsteps were heard approaching; Ernest started up. "Must I leave you?" asked he.

"I shall confess," replied Dormer.

"To a man! My dear, dear Sir, what can he do for you?"

"I shall soon know, Ernest. Once more I shall confess to a priest; and, if I am in error, I must lay all on Him who will not 'cast me out.' I cannot think or decide now; life is ebbing fast. You need not leave the room. Go to the further window; and when I want support, give me your breast."

The door opened, and Warrenne entered the room, accompanied by three other priests, bearing various articles concealed under rich coverings.

"Father, I shall confess."

Warrenne approached. "This young friend wishes to be a witness of the last rites of our church," said Dormer.

"Certainly," replied Warrenne, apparently unconscious of what he said, while he looked with an expression of awe on Dormer, as he lay with that last paleness on his countenance, the sight of which appals the most worldly, and thoughtless, and particularly a worldly clergyman.

"Father," said Dormer, fixing his eyes on him, "eternity opens an awful prospect on the soul."

"Yes, brother; to him who is not in the true church, or whose sins are mortal, or unconfessed, it is an awful thing to die; but to you, a member of our holy mother church—a priest—one whose life has evinced such evangelical purity—whose confessions, and fasts, and penances—whose charity—whose self-denial, and unwearied exertions for the faith, are so well known to the true church—to you death ought to have no terrors. We shall offer masses; for we cannot withdraw the veil to know whether they are unnecessary; though, I think, you may rest satisfied that few indeed are required for you."

"Oh, father, you know me not," said Dormer, "whatever is required to purge away sin is necessary for my soul. You know me not."

"Would to God I could exchange with you, Dormer!" exclaimed Warrenne, as from his inmost soul:—then recollecting himself—"Did you say you would confess?"

"I did, Father."

Ernest and the other priests retired to the farther end of the small apartment, while Warrenne bent over Dormer, and received his whispered confession. It was short, and the absolution was pronounced by Warrenne. Dormer's eyes were, however, raised to heaven; and, to Ernest, he seemed praying for absolution to Him who alone could give it. The priests then approached; and, after some other prayers and ceremonies, all partook of the eucharist.

Dormer, after this, seemed much exhausted. He looked towards Ernest, who immediately went near. Dormer smiled, and held out his hand. "Raise my head," said he faintly.

Ernest did so, and supported him on his breast. The door of the room was open opposite to the bed; for the oppression of death was on the patient's breast, and the priests, as they brought near the sacred apparatus, knelt on the coffin.

Warrenne himself anointed the dying sufferer. He repeated the words in Latin from whence the institution is taken by the Romish Church: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him,

anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Ernest listened to these words, so evidently alluding to the gifts of healing imparted to the first Christians, but so unmeaning in the Church of Rome, where none of the effects followed which are ascribed by the Apostle to the observance, where the sick becomes more sick, and, instead of being raised up, goes down into the grave. Warrenne, however, rapidly pronounced the words, and repeated some Latin prayers, then touched, with the sacred oil, the eyes, the lips, the hands; whatever had been the means of seeing, of hearing, of speaking, of doing evil.

Ernest supported Dormer's head on his breast while Warrenne proceeded, repeating prayers each time he applied the chrism.

At last all was concluded, and the last words supposed to prepare for entering an eternity were about to be said, when Dormer, starting forward, gazed earnestly towards the door, and exclaimed "Clarenham!" then immediately fell back into Ernest's arms.

It was Clarenham, and in an instant he was at the side of Dormer's bed.

"Father! dearest Father!" He threw himself on his knees on the coffin. "Father, have you forgiven me? Oh, if I could have spared you all

you have suffered! But you, Father—you made me what I am—you taught me to love truth." He would have taken Dormer's hand, but Warrenne pushed him away.

"The holy oil is upon that hand, Mr. Clarenham—it must not be polluted by the touch of a heretic." The priests drew farther away from Clarenham, and removed their things.

"Do you not forgive me, Father?" asked Clarenham, in a voice of despair.

Dormer looked earnestly at him. "I thought I required *your* forgiveness, Basil."

Clarenham threw himself on the bed. "Oh, my beloved Father." He could say no more, but burst into an agony of grief.

"The service is not over, Mr. Clarenham," said Warrenne with displeasure.

Clarenham heeded him not.

"My son—my dear son," said Dormer, "I have no time to lose. Suffer Father Adrian to proceed."

Clarenham immediately rose and stood by Ernest, endeavouring to be calm. Ainsworth now stood near Dormer's bed; and other faces were seen in the dark passage which led into his room.

Dormer himself, however, seemed now unconscious of what was passing. His eyes were closed;—an expression of heavenly calm was on his countenance: the motions of his clasped

hands showed that he prayed mentally, but he spoke not.

All stood in profound silence, every eye fixed on the dying countenance. The last prayer was said, but no one stirred.

"Brother, in what faith do you die?" asked Warrenne, with unaffected solemnity.

"In the faith of the only true church—the church of Jesus Christ;" answered Dormer in a calm, low tone of voice.

"You mean, brother, in the only true and apostolic church of Rome?"

"The church of Christ," said Dormer, quickly.

"Yes, brother; but there are those now present who regard other communions as churches of Christ."

Dormer answered not—his thoughts seemed away; and, for a time, all again was silence. The expression of his countenance at length changed, and he opened his eyes, and raised them to heaven with that fearfully-anxious look which so forcibly expresses the helplessness of the soul as life recedes, and eternity must be entered.

"Lay me in the ashes," said he, quickly.

"Why, why, dear Sir?" asked Ernest, in a whisper.

Warrenne beckoned to the priests, who immediately took the lid from the coffin, and prepared to obey him.

"You will hasten his departure," said Ernest to them.

"You shall not," exclaimed Clarenham.

"Lay me in the ashes—in the coffin," said Dormer, with a look of agony.

The priests approached, and Clarenham no longer opposed them, while they wrapped him in his blanket, and laid him in the coffin. Ernest, however, did not leave his place, but himself supported his head, and, kneeling down, again laid it on his breast. The priests looked at him, and at Warrenne; but the latter did not seem disposed to dispute his doing what he would.

For a few minutes Dormer seemed insensible; he then asked, in a voice scarcely audible, "Does Ernest still support my head?"

"Yes, dearest Sir," replied Ernest, leaning forward.

"Dear Ernest—dear Clarenham, farewell."

"My dear Sir, is all peace?" asked Ernest, in a whisper.

"Yes now."

"What disturbed you?"

"One look to the past—Sin, Sin."

"But these ashes—what can they do?"

"Nothing, nothing. It was a moment of darkness."

Warrenne approached. "Brother, you have

not distinctly declared your faith—at least you may be misunderstood."

"I die the most unworthy—the lowest, the least profitable of all—yet a member of the one true church—saved only by Christ."

"The Church of Rome?" asked Warrenne, putting his face close to Dormer's.

Dormer answered not. There were a few long breathings, and then all was at rest for ever.

For some minutes every one remained as still as him on whom they gazed. At last Ernest laid his hand on the pale forehead. The chill of death was upon it. He then closed the eyes,—for an instant pressed the lifeless form to his heart—kissed the cold cheek; then gently resigned the body to its last narrow house.

Clarenham knelt down, and would have embraced the remains, but Warrenne seemed on the watch to prevent him.

"No, Mr. Clarenham. The church must prevent the pollution of that pure body; though in the sleep of death, still united to the one holy Catholic communion."

Clarenham would have broken from Warrenne's restraining hold; but, after an effort, fell back senseless into Ernest's arms. Ernest immediately had him conveyed from the apartment. The servants were just entering to have a last

look of one whom they all had revered and loved; and were now prepared to approach with that veneration with which the Romish church regards the remains of departed saints. The sight of their young master, pale and insensible, instantly changed the object of their attention and anxiety, and all crowded round him as Ernest had him conveyed to the hall. Maria Clarenham, who had been anxiously on the watch, while at the same time attempting to conceal from her mother the melancholy rites which were performing in Dormer's apartment, now also appeared. She had sufficient presence of mind to restrain every exclamation of alarm and anxiety on the part of the domestics, and herself, pale and trembling, stood over her brother, and assisted Ernest in his attempts to restore animation. At last Clarenham opened his eyes.

"What has happened? where am I?" exclaimed he, attempting to start away from Ernest, and looking wildly around.

"Dear Clarenham, recollect yourself," said Ernest, gently.

"Basil—dearest Basil—you are at home—you are with those who love you," said Maria soothingly.

He thought for a moment—then turning away, as if all on earth had lost its power to attract him—"And Father Clement"—

"Is at last where there is no sorrow," said Ernest, gently but solemnly.

Clarenham immediately became calm—"Yes, yes—how selfish to wish it otherwise!" He looked at Ernest—then threw himself upon his breast, and both wept, regardless of all around them.

The servants now returned to the apartment, where the priests were busied in performing the last ceremonies over the dead. These had been commenced by Warrenne immediately on Ernest's leaving the apartment, and were now hurried on as if to secure to his church that claim which Dormer's last words had left more than doubtful; and so insignificant do such ceremonies appear to Bible Christians, that Ernest had not even adverted to them, but now proceeded with Clarenham and Maria to inform Mrs. Clarenham of the event. And so deep had been her veneration for Dormer—so enlightening, and consoling, and heavenly had been his instructions and ministrations, that even the return of her son could not overcome her sorrow, though she humbly and thankfully acknowledged how graciously mercy and goodness were mingled in every affliction sent by her heavenly Father. Clarenham's appearance, however, excited her alarm and anxiety. He was pale and thin to a degree. His health seemed greatly injured; and to every question she asked regarding it, his answer was

—"I am already better than I was, my dearest mother; but ask me no questions, for I am under the most solemn vow to answer none."

Ernest, at Clarenham's request, continued with him and his family during the remainder of the evening—all joining in deep and sincere grief, but finding comfort in the recollection of those many evidences, which all had witnessed, of his devotedness and holiness, whose spirit they now believed had entered into everlasting joy.

At night, before Ernest's departure, he went, accompanied by Basil, once more to contemplate that countenance in which he had, for the last few months, looked for the expressions of that mind and heart which had become more interesting and attractive to him than any other he had yet met on earth.

The little apartment was already hung with black, and lighted with large wax tapers, two of which stood on the table with the crucifix. The coffin was placed upon the bed; and the body clothed in rich vestments, but so disposed as to display the haircloth shirt beneath, and also the ashes on which it lay. The sharp cross which Dormer had worn in secret on his heart was now fixed outside, and its edges displayed. His hands were clasped upon his breast, and between them was placed a crucifix. The face, however, was in the profound peacefulness—the indescribable calmness of death: The expression—that of com-

plete relief from suffering and sorrow. This had never been its living expression; and Ernest and Clarenham felt its calm enter into their own souls. And when at last the hour came in which the priests, and Roman Catholic domestics, who knelt around the dead, began to repeat the prayers of their Church, and Ernest and his friend left the apartment, the last impression of that countenance remained on their memories as indelibly as that of his holiness, and his gentleness, and his kindness, did upon their affections.

CHAPTER XIII.

" "—quell' iniquo cui il Signore Gesù ucciderà col fiato della sua bocca, e lo annichilerà con lo splendore di sua venuta."

Martini's Trans.—2 Thessal. ii. 8.

For one week all were left undisturbed at Hallern Castle. During that week Dormer's remains had been laid in the chapel, and his grave continued to be surrounded by his flock, who, kneeling there, implored his intercession with heaven. Warrenne favoured this, and took pains, by his encomiums on the dead, to convince the people that he had joined that assembly of saints, to whom it is the unscriptural and idolatrous policy of the Romish church to direct the devotions of her members.

Before this week had closed, Basil Clarenham had publicly received the communion from Dr. Lowther, and abjured the Romish faith. To his mother he declared that the perusal of the Scriptures had convinced him of the errors of her Church. To Ernest he acknowledged his sense of gratitude to heaven in having removed him

from one to whom he felt pleasure in subjecting his mind—and placing him where the degree of corruption into which the Romish church had fallen was so awfully evident, that he no longer could resist the command: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."—"Though," added he, "before I left the Inquisition, I was induced to take an oath of secrecy respecting all I had witnessed there, too solemn ever to be forgotten or infringed."

Mrs. Clarenham seemed less grieved at this change than her son expected, and positively declined, for the time, Warrenne's proposal to appoint a successor to Dormer. "My son is now master here," said she. "If he continues a Protestant, I must try to understand what Protestantism is, at least so far as to learn its doctrines of charity."

At the end of that week of peace which followed Dormer's death, Warrenne asked a conference with Mrs. Clarenham and Maria; and then read to them his instructions from the court of Rome. These declared, that as the heirs of General Clarenham had been left under the guardianship of certain churchmen, subject in their decisions to the court of Rome, it had been decided, that, as heresy had entered the family, both should be called on to profess their faith, that their guardians might act accordingly.

Maria instantly declared her willingness to answer this call. The day was fixed; and, in the presence of Warrenne and several of his brother priests, she avowed her determination to receive her faith only from the Bible, read by herself, in a language she understood.

On the same day Catherine professed herself a humble member of the church of Rome.

In a few weeks it was decided that Maria was no longer heiress of her uncle's fortune—which devolved on Catherine.

Three years after this decision, a convent was endowed by Catherine, of which she, a year or two afterwards, became the lady abbess, and, in her own opinion, the first of saints, and most perfect example and guide of the young sisters of her order. In the opinion of Warrenne, the most easily managed of all his tools. In her convent many miracles were performed in those days, of which it was found equally easy to make her the subject, or the witness to their truth.

While Catherine enjoyed her authority, and her own good opinion as lady abbess of the convent in ——shire, Maria was, as the wife of young Carysford, learning from her own experience, that to the heart which seeks to know God, and humbly to love and serve him, his grace renders all situations means of discipline and improvement. Maria had considered herself bound to fulfil her early engagement, as soon as Sir Tho-

mas Carysford gave his consent; and had been received into his family—with rapture by young Carysford—with unfeigned joy and affection by his mother—with pompous stiffness of manner, but real pleasure, by Sir Thomas—with pretended satisfaction by Warrenne—and with unbounded joy by the domestics and people on the estate, who all knew how much she was beloved by those of their own class at Hallern.

Maria was a character warmly to feel and participate in the joy and affection she inspired,—but her heart could not rest satisfied with nothing more: and now she felt indeed her dependence on that grace which could alone enable her so to act, as to bring no reproach on that purer faith she professed amongst those who regarded that profession as her only fault. These considerations kept her close to her Bible, and to prayer; and gradually her lowliness and gentleness amongst so many surrounding temptations to pride and self-importance—her engaging attentions to Sir Thomas—her anxiety to be all a daughter could be to Lady Carysford—the use she made of her unbounded power over the affections of young Carysford, to win him into a course of actions the most beneficial to all around him, and honourable to himself:—her talents and information, and evident superiority, at least in holiness of principles and knowledge of Scripture, when conversing with Warrenne, rendered

her soon the person in the family to whom each other member looked with most affection and esteem, or dread. The case was the same with the domestics and the people: The good and well-intentioned loved and esteemed—the ill-disposed and bad feared their lady.

Perhaps some descendant of such a family as that we have described under the name of Carysford, may be reminded of one whose character has descended to them under the appellation of the Good Lady; whose son was the first Protestant representative of the family; and whose grave they may have often visited, to admire the exquisite beauty of the monument and epitaph, as it is still seen in the chapel near the mansion, once Roman Catholic, now reserved as the lonely place of repose for the dead. Perhaps the epitaph has been read by some of the travellers permitted to view the now ivy-covered little chapel; and, perhaps, if they have visited a still more beautiful chapel in the neighbourhood, a grave and monument may have been pointed out to them, to which, in the memory of the grandfathers of those who showed it, "the poor ignorant papists used to come to worship, till the young gentleman at the Castle, and his young friend at the hall, went into the chapel, and read the Bible aloud to the pilgrims—and then the priests would not suffer them to come."

The Protestant traveller would recognize the

spirit which dictated this only justifiable method of attempting to prevent an erroneous approach to God. The Roman Catholic traveller would sigh as he remembered, that in Britain his church is almost forgotten; her places of worship in ruins; or, stript of the character they once bore, now dedicated to another faith; her services regarded as unmeaning ceremonies; her doctrines held as too absurd to be professed by rational men, therefore explained away by those who wish to regard her few remaining members as brothers and fellow-countrymen; her claim to unchangeableness and infallibility charged as an illiberal accusation of her enemies; and his church, in her thus fallen state, considered as justly complimented, by being characterised as having advanced in improvement with society, and with other churches.

The true Christian will pray that the light of truth—the light of Divine revelation—may continue to extend its beams, till it overcomes all darkness, Protestant and Romish, and unites all in the one only true church, of which Christ is the living Head, to whom every living member is united by that "faith which purifieth the heart, and worketh by love."

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

MAR 3 - 1950